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# NO QUEERS. NO FLIGHT!



Leonardo da Vinci

## QUEERFEST!

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIVES OF  
LESBIAN, GAY, BISEXUAL, TRANSGENDER  
AND INTERSEX PEOPLE.

UQ  
**union**  
QUEER SEXUALITY

For more information, visit [www.uq.edu.au/queer](http://www.uq.edu.au/queer) or email [queer@uq.edu.au](mailto:queer@uq.edu.au). For an email list, please contact the Queer Sexuality Organiser, Kris Coonan, on (07) 3377 2214.  
This event is proudly brought to you by your UQ Union.



Indigenous people have been, often violently, dispossessed of their land and culture. They remain some of the most marginalised in our society.

There can be no social progress without recognition of the injustices suffered by Indigenous Australians.

SEMPER FLOREAT  
THE UQ UNION NEWSPAPER

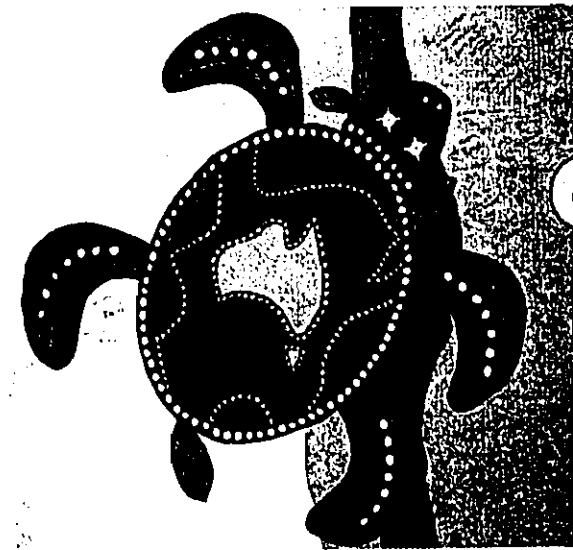
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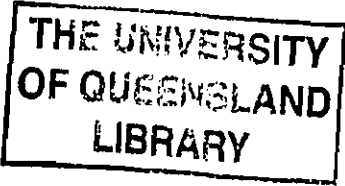
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The views expressed in Semper Floreat do not necessarily reflect those of the editors, the UQ Union, or The University of Queensland.

The editors encourage you to submit your own views for publication (see page 2).



SEMPER FLOREAT  
QUEER EDITION 2003



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# EDITORIALS

David

It is sometimes difficult to understand why people hate and fear others because they are different. People seem to discriminate on little things that don't matter and that an individual can't change - skin colour, gender, ethnicity or sexual preference, etc - while usually ignoring the big things -- is the person honest, reliable, competent etc. Some people talk of the structural oppression and patriarchal nature of society, but the editors would like to believe that our generation and the ones that follow will be more tolerant and understanding of groups outside the 'norm'; not merely offering a grudging acceptance (which some groups have fought long and hard to achieve) but an embracing of the differences and a realisation that these groups have so much to offer and contribute to 'the mainstream.' However saying this, there are still (and probably always will be) narrow-minded, hateful people. Education and understanding are the key.

This year we have produced an Indigenous, Women's and Queer edition of Semper. These are three broad groupings that the UQ Union believes require significant support and representation due to the historical marginalisation, victimisation and discrimination of these groups in the wider community. One challenge confronting minority or victimised groups is the feeling of being oppressed and silenced by 'the mainstream'. The Editors wanted to have special editions of Semper this year to discuss and examine some of the issue confronting Indigenous, Queer and female members of our society, and to provide space and a voice for these groups.

Jim

I think everything has pretty much been said.

Peace, out.

Shona

All I will say is that I was able to get much more sleep this month compared to last month. Less headaches too. Queers are great. So that's three things.

**Khrys Robb (Male Queer Sexuality Office)**

(To be read with visualisation of author in robe, slippers, glass of goon and smoking a pipe)

Hello and Greetings dear reader,

I trust this editorial will find you all well. In the past the Queer edition of Semper has really just been a little 'hooray for gay' affair. Nice, pretty but not really addressing issues that Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Trans and intersex people face both in our own community and in wider society. An analysis of the homophobic creation of identity and the struggle of our "community" against heterosexism is important but an understanding of 'us' is also important.

At this stage I cannot believe that we do have a community. Rather, when I go out shopping or clubbing or to the health services I see a rough coalition of people who have been shunned by the general populous, the only thing that we have in common is difference. Yet within our difference we are different, we are people of myriad racial and cultural backgrounds, of a spectrum of genders and many social economic classes. We are people, we love and sometimes hate, we need to acknowledge that yes, we do replicate the behaviours taught to us by those who relegated us to ghettos of 'gay districts' by segregating what could be a community into tribes which battle for the handouts that are given to pacify us. Through out all this what is important to acknowledge is that we remain people regardless of race, gender or culture we fight the same battle that for liberation.

I would also like to acknowledge those people who are by choice, no longer part of the 'norm,' those who have embraced queer people not regardless of our differences but because of it. It is to these allies who have seen the oppression of others and attempted to lay aside the privileges that sheltered them from hate to take up and support the struggle that I say thank you.

In closing the purpose of this edition is to create a space in which to engage with these issues, to discuss that which is generally not spoken about in wider circles but above all to promote a discourse. It is through challenging each other that we learn more and will eventually come to understanding.

Queerly Yours in Solidarity,

Khrys Robb

## SEMPER FLOREAT IS YOUR UNION NEWSPAPER

### WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

#### Writing articles

If you have an idea for an article, it is a good idea to first check it with the editors to see if they are interested and how much space could be dedicated to it..

The editors are interested in your views, but not mere assertions. Essays and articles filled with good argument and supported by facts will be preferred when choosing from amongst the submissions.

#### Word length

The editors normally choose articles of 500-1000 words in length. If you have some graphics, include these as well, but please don't paste them into Word, send them as separate files.

#### Submitting Articles

Submitted documents should include the author's name (so we don't have to go fishing through the e-mails to figure out who sent what).

Please do not name your file *Semper*, *Semper Article*, *Article for Semper*, *Semper1*, or *Semper Edx*. We end up with a heap of files that we cannot tell apart.

The editors of Semper in 2003 believe in an objective press.

We are not dictated to by any particular political party or faction.

We attempt to make our reports on Union activities as objective as possible. This relies on information received as well as activities observed by the editors. We are open to hear all perspectives on any situation.

We attempt to produce a balanced publication taking in as many different ideas and ideologies as possible. This relies on submissions.

The editors cannot guarantee every article will be well balanced within itself although a well formulated argument is encouraged.

We encourage counter arguments to any article published. However for constructive dialogue, criticism should be directed towards the content of the article, and not the author.

The editors reserve the right to a personal opinion, but this does not restrict our acceptance of the opinion of others. If you have an opinion, we invite you to submit it to *Semper Floreat*.

# Letters to the Editors

Editors,

Thank you for presenting me with the opportunity to cut my own baby in half (in what must be a tragic, arthouse rehashing of the King Solomon legend). I do appreciate the retention of creative control, even if my medium has now become 'total butchery'!

(Your bonsai allusion, incidentally, may be a bit off. Bonsai trees are pruned lovingly - and not all that much! - over many years. What you're suggesting is more like Christmas tree euthanasia, which, granted, has a certain amount of merit.)

I've spent the last couple of hours hacking away with a pair of secateurs, and have miraculously brought the piece under 1,200 words (much to its detriment obviously). Proof-reading has been sparse, but please assume all spelling, grammar, et cetera to be correct.

(Certainly, I'll take the rap for any errors, in preference to someone else creating them on my behalf!) Fonts used are Times New Roman, Jester, and Teletype (latter two enclosed). I've also included a watermark that I feel would be appropriate (big & centered or small & tiled).

If you have any last-minute problems / concerns /what-have-you with the piece, please feel free to give me a call I love a good scramble to the deadline!

Cheers,

Jacob

[See page 28 -Ed]

Dear Semper editor,

As you may have known, many Chinese of UQ find the article titled "Taiwan: the Struggle for the statehood" (published on the August issue of the Semper) offending. Representing the opinion of hundreds of Chinese of UQ, we believe it is not wise to publish such an article. It is the editors' responsibility to make sure its publication will not insult its readers. We believe that Taiwan is part of China, but someone may not. We are not forcing everyone to have the same belief as we have, but we require that Semper, as a publication of student union, should not be used as a political forum to discuss issues that will offend its readers.

In the name of the Chinese Students and Scholars Association of UQ, we ask Semper to:

1. make an apology to all the readers offended by the article
2. promise there will be no more similar articles published

We will keep pursuing this issue until we have a satisfying response.

Sincerely,

Kai Xu

President

UQ Chinese Students and Scholars Association

[We apologise if any article causes offense to our readers, this is certainly not our intention. The article in question was written in response to another article on Taiwan in the May edition: 'Shoulder to Shoulder, Australia and the Taiwanese Question'.

We encourage students with a contrary view (or any viewpoint) to write an article expressing their opinion. We will publish all views on this issue and do not believe it appropriate for some to expect censorship of public debate.

The Editors]

Hi Semper,

I'm really impressed by the diversity and high quality of articles in the women's edition and loved the privileging of pink on the cover.

Ev



Q U E E R E D I T I O N

UQ  
union

# Design a Logo for QC 2004!

## What is QC?

QC is short for Queer Collaborations.

QC is a national queer conference, with the majority of attendees being students. It was first held in 1991 at the University of Technology in Sydney. Since then the conference convened annually at various Australian universities. In 2004, it will be held in Brisbane.

## Aims of QC

- To collect, disseminate and exchange information relevant to students and the community who identify as Lesbian, Gay, Transgender, inter-sex, Bisexual and Queer.
- To educate and raise awareness of issues for those who identify as Queer.
- To make educational institutions aware of the existence and needs of Queer students.
- To provide a means of communication which will facilitate the organisation of political activity for queer networks and communities.



## Competition Guidelines:

1. Open to anyone who reads the competition details.
2. Due date is the 17th October 2003.
3. Contact details are [qc\\_brisvegas@yahoo.com.au](mailto:qc_brisvegas@yahoo.com.au) for inquiries (or for electronic submissions).
4. Mailing address is PO Box 531, Albert Street, Brisbane, QLD, 4000.
5. Logo must be related to QC's and must incorporate the letters "QC" in that order, and can include the words "Brisbane", "Brisvegas", "2004, and/or "04".
6. Logo must not be racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise offensive to our community.
7. Logo is subject to editorial discretion.



FOR THE LAST TIME, THE 2003 EDITORS OF

# SEMPER FLOREAT

ARE CALLING FOR SUBMISSIONS.

**ENDGAME EDITION:** SUBMISSIONS DUE AROUND  
THE 3RD OF OCTOBER 2003.

HOWEVER. IF YOU HAVE A BRAIN WAVE A FEW DAYS AFTER, PLEASE  
CONTACT US. WE WOULD RATHER A LITTLE LATE THAN NOT AT ALL.

07 3377 2237

[SEMPER.UNION@MAILBOX.UQ.EDU.AU](mailto:SEMPER.UNION@MAILBOX.UQ.EDU.AU)

# QUEER ROLE MODELS

## AARON MARSHAM

As we all grow up we look around to different people to gauge how we will be when we're older. You look to your parents to see how they cope with working full time, raising children, and having a full time relationship (or not as the case may be). You look to your friends to see the mistakes they make in love and life and vow to learn from them, and you look to yourself to find out the person you want to be and where you're going to go with life.

As a gay person trapped in a straight world how do we queers cope? I look to my parents to see a couple almost near retirement, my dad works on a farm, my mother gave up work to raise six children. Their relationship I think suffered somewhat because of us, both of them put us first and themselves second. Now that we have all grown up and left the nest (well except for my younger sister) only now can they start to put back the pieces of what I hope were a very loving relationship. The lesson I learn from them is one of hardship and endurance, a worthy lesson to have.

I look to my friends (an even proportion of both straight and gay people) and I see confusion, lack of focus and loneliness. Many of my friends have now graduated University, few are working in the fields they chose to study and many are not 100% satisfied with where they ended up. All of them however are working towards a goal in that aspect, their current work is just a stepping stone to where they want to be. Most are alone or in unfulfilling



JULIE MCCROSSIN

relationships, they date drop kicks or people who are a d e s t r u c t i v e influence in their life. Very few are in stable, loving relationships, of all my queer friends I can think only of one such couple.

When I look to myself I see a multitude of things. I love my job and find it immensely rewarding but I suffer burnout and stress. My long term goal is to find somewhere in life where I can focus on helping others (corny sounding I know) so my short term goal is to graduate and end up teaching. Lonliness... well like so many others I feel trapped in a world where I am all alone. This is largely due to the fact that I have mega issues with sharing and opening up, partly due to the fact that I find some people in my life self absorbed and self obsessed who only help to reinforce these walls and don't help bring them down. As a result of this I become depressed and feel I need to plug this "hole" in my life with someone else. Not necessarily the cure of my ills.

So when it comes to using friends and family as role models in life it will only take you so far. My parents have been a great source of inspiration for my work ethic and my drive to get an education and better myself. My friends have influenced actions and risks I have taken in my life and how I conduct myself in friendships. Neither group you will notice has shown me how I am supposed to proceed on the path of love.

Stereotypes paint gay men as purely sex driven with no ability to form loving caring relationships, with all older gay men single and depressed or in open relationships where they sleep around but still have that "one" they are in love with (yeah right!). Supposedly lesbians are always throwing themselves headfirst into relationships and shacking up within a week of getting together, nesting syndrome I think some of my friends have called it. The world thinks we are a bunch of sexually driven freaks and weirdo's.

So what's a queer to do? Well that's a good question. Queer role models exist and surround us everywhere in life; the problem is that we (well at least I) don't recognise them for who and what they are. When I look for a queer role model I look solely for queers who are happy in a long term and stable relationship and nothing else. Since I only know of a few lesbian couples in this situation then I turn around and say that I don't know any. How wrong am I?



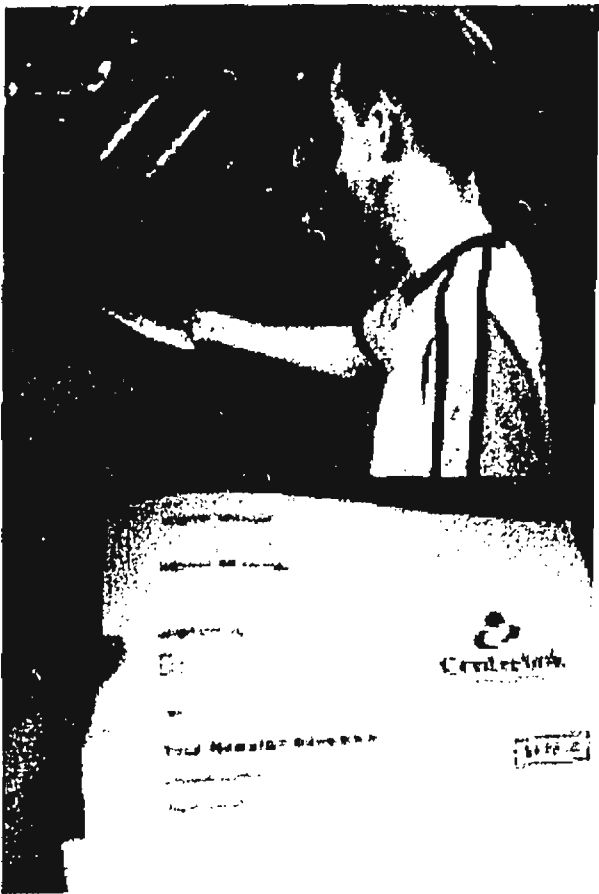
JUSTICE MICHAEL KIRBY

Lately I've come to realise that there are queer role models everywhere, many of these people are breaking into professions such as mining, engineering and law while being completely out and honest about it. We have many queer teachers challenging our children's beliefs and opening up their minds, we have even finally broken onto mainstream television with somewhat cheesy and corny shows that portray some of the difficulties we face.

In response to my comments above about love and lack of queer role models, well recently I've come to a revelation. I don't think that they exist. Now I'm not saying that people who are happily in love, in a long term relationship and are queer don't exist, I'm just saying that I don't think of them as role models. Everyone (both queer and straight) deals with love in different ways. We each have our own meanings, and determinations of when we are actually experiencing it. Love for each of us is unique and is coloured by experiences and perceptions. As such I don't think we will ever find role models to match our perceptions and ideas about love.

My argument condensed is this: no one in life has all the answers. There are some times in life where we are not meant to, times where we are supposed to live and learn. Love is one such time in life where I think this is true.





"(top) Berstow re-enacts the retrieval of the letter; and the infamous form

# QUEERS AND THE COMMON YOUTH ALLOWANCE

David S

As study usually involves a full-time commitment, a lot of students rely on the welfare system in order to receive income. Without assistance, many students would be forced to work rather than study. Students are able to gain assistance through Youth Allowance, Austudy, Abstudy, Disability Support Pension, Rent Assistance, Student Financial Supplement Scheme, and Health Care Cards as well as other schemes. As of June 1999, over 400, 000 students were receiving some from of income assistance from the Government.

The welfare system in Australia is homophobic, actively discriminating against queer students in offering income assistance. The welfare system, as it currently operates, fails to recognise that young people can have non-heterosexual

# Centrelink Successfully Processes Claim

Karene Arundell

BRISBANE: In a startling display of promptness and competency, Centrelink processed and activated a claim within a week of the initial request, it has been reported.

"I am... shocked," reported University of Queensland student Jason Berstow, 23, at a press conference held yesterday by his letterbox. "I put this claim in on Tuesday, and they said it would take a week... it's been four days."

Berstow, clearly struggling to remain calm, recounted the dumbfounding story before a hushed audience of reporters.

Recently I realized I had to change my Centrelink status over from Newstart to Austudy because I've just become a student," recalled Berstow. "I told the lady at the call centre and she said I'd be getting the new payment within the week. I laughed, but when I checked my bank account details this morning I discovered a mysterious chunk of money there. I went to the mailbox and... here it is. Notification. The correct details. The correct amount. In only four days." Berstow then bowed his humbled head and thrust his notification letter aloft to the sound of stunned chatter, clapping and cheering.

The incident has caused much shock and confusion amongst the student community, none of whom can vouch for a similar story of Centrelink competency. In fact, it seems so unfeasible that suspicions have arisen of a hoax constructed by the government aiming to trounce Centrelink's long-standing image of blistering inefficiency.

At the time of press, sources at Centrelink were also unable to explain the deftness and accuracy with which the claim was processed. "We're not sure how this happened, though we have put on a lot of new staff lately," Centrelink public relations official Gina Garner reported. "Keep assured we'll get to the bottom of this and everything will soon go back to normal – rent assistance requests will be ignored, payments will be suspended for failure to attend imaginary appointments, and after three change of address reminders we'll still be sending fortnightly forms to your old house."

relationships, nor does it acknowledge the added disadvantage that queers face in the family home.

One of the main underlying features of income support, Youth Allowance and the "age of independence" is the discrimination placed against Queer

students. The most obvious example of how the system disregards non-heterosexuals is in the criteria for independence. According to Centrelink a person is considered Independent if they:

- have been, married , including living in a marriage-like relationship for 12 months or more, or six months (in special circumstances);

The term marriage-like applies to heterosexual de facto relationships, therefore, excluding Homosexual relationships, from recognition as an Independent relationship. The underlying implication of this Howard Government regulation is the belief that people under the age of 25 do not enter into non-heterosexual relationships.

The system also fails to recognize the difficulty faced by Queer students in the parental home. Students in many cases are forced to hide their sexuality from parents in the fear that they will be thrown out of the family home, and consequently, will not be able to receive assistance without their parents co-operation. The criteria for "unreasonable to live at home" does not make specific reference to coming out or issues relating to Homophobia in the family household therefore making their inclusions as reasons for not being able to live at home dependant upon the individual centrelink social case worker.

The current system is discriminatory and not acceptable. It is time that students become aware of the fact that the government and the welfare state systematically excludes queers from welfare benefits. 2004, being an election year, presents the perfect opportunity for queer students throughout the nation to override the current oppressive state, to ensure that the welfare of queer students, through the provision of income support, is met.



# Princess Queer and the not so magical Centrelink application.

Khrys Robb

Once upon a fairly recent time, in fact on'y a few months ago, there was a beautiful princess who lived in a very Bouegy house in Yeronga with her parents The King (T.K.) and Queen (Queenie). The Princess was very happy and loved her parents very much; her parents were very proud of the Princess who had graduated from her all girls school with very good grades and now went to University in a castle. The Princess was very good at making things and was doing an engineering degree at the university. Her parents T.K. and Queenie were very proud of her although they would prefer that she did a more seemly degree and wished she wore her pretty gowns instead of jeans, but apart from that life was very good. The time arose when the princess was to turn eighteen and the time to choose a husband was drawing nearer. The princess was very beautiful, long blonde hair which shone with the full extent of the complete sunsilk maximum shine range; teeth as white and straight as columns of roman marble without orthodontics (this is a fairy tale after all...) and strong, slight body from years of all girls basketball and hockey camps. The only problem was that no man had asked to marry her, her mother felt this was strange as most of the princess' time was spent with the princes from her degree in the pub playing pool. The day of the Princess' eighteenth birthday arrived and the party was enormous with all of the beautiful princess and handsome princes dancing and sipping Funki Dori's, cosmopolitans and Chardonnay, the expensive stuff not Coolibah goon. But Princess was nowhere to be seen as the time approached for the cutting of the eighteen tiered Gucci designed birthday cake when in front of all of the Kingdom, well in front of all of the C.E.O's of her father's company, the Princess appeared, her sunsilk shine glowing her teeth shining and her hockey trained hand firmly gripped around the hand of her childhood

playmate Darcy. Princess smiled waived and pashed Darcy, the room watched on as Princess placed her tender hands on the Darcy's Bond's clad breasts and announced she had found her Princess Charming. And they all lived happily ever after...

Well not quite, the party ended abruptly with sniggers and lesbian jokes. Darcy was evicted from the premises and Princess was locked in a tower of verbal and homophobic abuse. Now Princess had a lot of friends and most of them lived away from home, they made a living by working part time as they studied and had the financial gap filled by delivering a magical parchment called a Youth Allowance Lodgement form every fortnight to the benevolent ruler of a Kingdom called Centrelink. So princess cut off her sunsilk locks and created a Sturdily anchored suspension bridge, put on her doc's and fled from her tower and started down the rocky yellow brick road to the magical city of Centrelink in Toowong.

When Princess arrived at the slightly begrimed glass gates of Centrelink Princess became shocked by the utter poverty of the people living outside this magical city. Taking a moment to compose herself she entered the city to find the same poverty inside, then joining the queue princess waited and waited and waited for her audience with the ruler of the city. Finally princess arrived at the city square where she was forced to relive all of the horrors that had befallen her, verbal abuse, financial depravation and after reliving her trials she was handed her trophy, that magical piece of paper that would ensure that... she could come back tomorrow to see the social worker providing that she could prove what she had been through and her sexuality and that she was studying full time and that that she had no contact with her parents and that... etc etc.

This is just great thought Princess, but where will I sleep tonight?

After a not so happily ever after evening in the Engineering labs Princess returned the next day to the not so magical city and was ushered into the tiny, musky lair of an odd creature, with hideously large eyes and two heads (well not really but still...) The creature beckoned to princess and told her that her parents would let her stay at home if she would stop being queer, so the Great and Powerful Minister for Welfare would not give her anything unless she toiled for eighteen months and made \$15 000 or married her handsome prince. Princess cried that she loved Darcy and would never marry some awful prince so she started away from the not so magical kingdom pondering, where will I sleep? how can I eat? In desperation Princess wandered in search of her love.

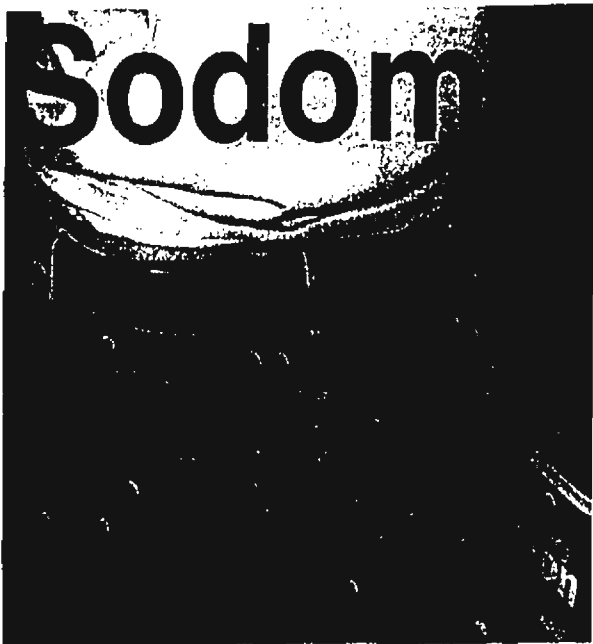
On her way to find her beloved she discovered a handsome but very effeminate young prince sobbing in the gutter. the Prince had found his Prince Charming and had been kicked out by his father the King, his mother gave him an apartment and a bag of silver so Centerlink rejected him also. Princess and the Prince went back to his apartment to decide what to do. The spent many days studying the archaic rules of Centrelink. Then armed with new knowledge they embarked on a perilous mission. The Princess and Prince marched down to office of Births, Deaths and Marriages to sign a piece of paper and marched back to centrelink. Once inside the grimy dungeon of despair Princess and her queer identifying prince marched up to the counter and were granted their parchments and Youth Allowance. The Princess locked eyes with another young woman and the feel instantly in lust and they all went home together.

The Moral to this story, Centrelink's policies refuse to acknowledge the diversity of issues experienced by people under the age of 25. Centrelink also refuses to acknowledge the severity of homophobia in our community and how homophobia is an intolerable environment to live in. The Heterosexist definition of spousal relationships also means that Queer students are forced to live a lie in false marriages in order to financially survive.

Our Lives

Our struggle

Our right to Welfare.



Justin was 18 when he met Dian at a fair, and wanted to see more of her. He worked at McDonalds, she was in the second year of a science degree at UQ. One night after coffee, and a drive in search of condoms, they ended up in her bedroom. This time, they tried something different: anal sex.

So what, you wonder? In Queensland, Justin could spend 14 years in jail for sodomy. Maybe you could too.

Sodomy laws were a product of medieval europe. Some countries got rid of them centuries ago, but Australia and its allies enforced them until very recently in ways that we are now embarrassed to admit. After the second world war, gay men who had survived the holocaust were imprisoned by our occupying forces. Queenslanders were routinely jailed for being gay until 1990.

The tide started to turn in 1948, when Kinsey reported that there were about as many queer Americans as left handed ones. A decade later in England, the Wolfenden report concluded that regardless of anyone's personal morals, the law had no legitimate concern with consensual sex. Hardly anyone disputes this now. Don Dunstan brought gay law reform to Australia in 1972. Only Tasmania was left when Queensland caught up in 1990, and they held out until 1997.

Unlike all other states, where sodomy laws have been repealed entirely, the Queensland laws have been reformed only partly. Anal sex is still banned for people under 18; other sexual activity is legal from 16.

The Northern Territory has a law against sex between men under 18, but the government is keen to repeal it. Ours refuses to discuss it.

You might find it strange to read about other people's sexual activity. I certainly find it strange to write about it. It's none of our business, however the government thinks it's theirs. Not just Semper, but the police and judges are watching you.

Maybe we'll see a new twist to the "tough on crime" election slogan: "Peter Beattie: Hard on Sodomy!"

Sodomy laws are silly. Given that Queensland's are not enforced, and never will be, what's the urgency to repeal them?

Few who remember being a gay teenager would wish the experience on others. The sodomy laws deny queer kids the civil rights they need to stand up for themselves. They threaten exposure and jail at the whim of the government or headmaster. The victims are too young to vote or stand for office themselves, and queer members of the Queensland parliament still aren't willing to speak up for them. Injustice is alive and biting in the moonlight state.

There are other reasons for urgency. HIV infection rates appear to be rising again. The government worried that the original sodomy laws put safe sex trainers in an awkward position. They responded by reforming them to single out gay school children.

The other concern is suicide. I believe it kills similar numbers of gay men as does AIDS; the data are in the library for you to make your own guess if you want. The discussion on AIDS in 1990 shows more concern for potential straight victims than actual gay ones, and queer kids tend to kill more of themselves than their straight oppressors.

But if AIDS forced reform of the sodomy laws, youth suicide should force their repeal. The link between sodomy laws and HIV infection is indirect. It doesn't take much imagination to see how a state law against being gay and a national propensity to send illegal kids to concentration camps could contribute to suicide.

Lobbying to repeal the Queensland sodomy laws has been fairly low key so far. Gay kids have enough problems when the government ignores them. Older men have other priorities, and might fear that speaking out on this issue will stir up prejudices linking them to paedophilia.

You might think that the laws will be repealed as a matter of course, but the government has proven reluctant to even disucss them, much less commit to action. A louder campaign is needed.

That's up to us. The government will repeal these laws only if they are forced to, and the only people with enough interest and organisation to force them are the students of this university. There will be a meeting during queerfest to decide how.

Email interview with Greg Milne, on behalf of the Attorney-General of Queensland.

RP: Would the Attorney-General support the enforcement of sections 208 (Unlawful sodomy) and 209 (Attempted sodomy) of the Criminal Code Act 1899 if he became aware of a specific breach of them?

GM: enforcement is a matter for police

RP: Does the Attorney-General support the sodomy laws in principle, or does he believe they should be repealed, just not yet?

GM: the government has no plans to alter the existing law at this time

RP: If he believes the laws should be repealed later, what circumstances prevent them from being repealed now, and does he expect these to change in the next term of parliament?

GM: See above

RP: Otherwise, how does he reconcile his support for these laws with the findings of the UN Human Rights Commission and the US Supreme Court that forbidding behaviour natural to a particular sexuality, but not that natural to others, subjects persons of that sexuality to arbitrary punishment, in violation of their right to due process?

GM: See above

RP: Does he believe the sodomy laws are supported by young adults, the only people they directly affect?

GM: These laws cover any person of any age having anal intercourse with a person under the age of 18.

RP: Does he fear that support for the One Nation Party might increase if the government discussed repealing the sodomy laws?

GM: See above



Email interview with John Frame, presenter of Queer Radio on ZZZ and queer rights activist.

RP: How long have you been lobbying the government to repeal the under-age sodomy laws, and why did you start?

JF: I felt forced to act in early 2000 when, on the 19th of February, the Courier Mail printed a big feature article titled "Reasonable Age".

Above a large image of ancient Greek art depicting several naked men about to get it on (inferring an orgy), there was the immediately inflammatory statement: "An



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S E M P E R F L O R E A T

open invitation to paedophiles, or an end to sexual discrimination? Lowering the age of consent for boys is an issue which inspires strong debate, writes Deborah Cassrells".

Cassrells stated grossly wrong information on age of consent claiming that Australian law prohibited all male to male sex involving anyone aged under 18. She even branded as paedophile any man who had engaged in sex with a seventeen year old male.

Earlier in her article Cassrells had referred to the suicide of New South Wales Judge Yeldham over such accusations, so I believed this to be an incredibly serious matter. The Courier Mail's editor refused to print a retraction or correction, and refused to acknowledge there was even a problem with what they'd printed.

I sought official, written confirmation of how current Queensland law applies in regard to age of consent and legal sexual activity. It was not easy to find who could give me an authoritative statement, but eventually the Attorney General supplied a written clear definition, confirming that "sodomy" is considered to be penetration of an anus by a penis (only). In the process of looking for that definition, and in seeking support from others in the LGBT community, I found that a staggeringly large proportion - at least 80% - of individuals, government agencies and service providers had no idea of what the sodomy law meant. Most thought that all sex between men was illegal under the age of 18 (not just anal intercourse).

I found that the government did not make accurate information on age of consent and the sodomy law available to anyone - neither their own agencies nor the general public.

I expected that in order to achieve a resolution it would just be a matter of writing to the Attorney General and Premier pointing out that this was a real and identifiable problem, one with serious consequences - especially for youth, and of asking for either an effective information campaign or the simple solution of removal of the Sodomy Law. Again I was wrong. I believe that they have known full well since 1990 that the Sodomy Law is a problem, but they just refuse to do anything about it.

RP: Can you speculate why the state's leaders refuse to discuss these laws? Do they believe the effects aren't important, are they afraid of controversy, or does talk of gay teenagers make them genuinely uncomfortable?

JF: I'm sure that the reason the Beattie Government is totally silent on this issue is

that there are no votes to be won because of it. I have written to the Attorney General detailing how the Sodomy Law denies 16 & 17 year old queer men the peer acceptance, sexual health education, relationships education, and counseling services they deserve - and he has actually written to me saying he doesn't believe these constitute a problem. The Beattie Government are afraid of controversy, but while the mainstream media refuse to acknowledge this is an issue, and while the vast majority of the LGBT Community stay silent, there simply is no controversy.

*I am certain that the State's leaders are uncomfortable with the thought of discussing teenage same-sex sexual activity, and that they are scared that any statement they make which acts toward acceptance, education and support of queer youth, might be viewed by some as promoting homosexuality.*

RP: Sodomy laws oppose the goals of the recent anti-discrimination act. Was this raised with the government while they planned it, and if so, how did they respond?

JF: The Sodomy Law was proposed and enacted by the Goss Labor Government in November 1990, even though the Homosexual Law Reform Report (chaired by Peter Beattie himself) had specifically recommended that there be no higher age set for any gender or for any sexual activity. Obviously another calculatedly conservative decision was made when State Government laws were declared exempt from the field of reference of the 1991 Anti-Discrimination Act. The ADCQ can voice disapproval, but has no power to act on this matter.

RP: The laws have been discussed very little in the straight media. Are queers reluctant to raise the issue, or are they speaking out and being ignored?

JF: I've sent detailed media releases to all mainstream TV and radio on a few occasions since early 2000, but not one source has picked up the story. Queensland Pride has run a couple of minor articles. However even the new LGBT lobby group ARCQ gives the issue a low priority and are currently taking no action. I am given a distinct impression of unwillingness from some LGBT areas to rock the boat. Tamara Tonite has been the exception in being fully supportive providing regular and ample space for the issue to be presented in warranted detail.

RP: What do you think it will take for the laws to be repealed?

JF: The unofficial word is that the law will not change unless youth themselves demand that it be changed. That's a very tough ask from the demographic which is most disempowered by the Sodomy Law.

I've also been unofficially told that the Beattie Government might remove the Sodomy Law sometime during their next term of office, but they have been very careful to make absolutely no promises. I believe it will take a campaign of prominent street level demonstration by youth and their supporters which seems crazy, since even the USA have dropped all their Sodomy Laws (because they discriminated on the basis of private, consenting behaviour), and since Queensland is the only Australian state retaining such a law.



"Be"

TKH 2003

The world undulates around me  
My world absorbs into reality  
Fantasy fades as a hand reaches for me  
What is this?  
My mind reels as the haze is lifted  
I see before me what once was but now is  
Hand extended the figure smiles  
The atmosphere  
soft as velvet  
warm and tender  
My eyes close  
The intensity increases  
Warm becomes a bearable heat  
My arm flinches at the touch  
such as hot water on supple skin  
My heart begins to burn as the heat shifts  
A sudden soothing cools me  
Emanating from my lips it floods  
Passing between us  
from soul to mortal  
a refreshing presence  
Devoid of all ill  
Not of a world of pain doth it come  
The buoyancy of the moment carries me back  
The world steadies  
My bearings fixed  
The lips withdrawn


The beings parted  
My eyes awake  
Pierced by vivid blue  
My brow furrows  
A question sent from mine  
Step back  
A smile replies  
"Be"  
The timbre low and comforting  
As warmth in the snow  
I slip  
Caught by the moment  
drawn away  
Snap back  
My hand reaches  
Smooth yet rough  
as it runs along the line  
My hand falters  
Caught by a vice  
Relaxed and guided  
Roughness subsides  
Tenderness replaces  
The warmth returns  
Diminished in intensity  
"Be"  
Heard through fingers and eyes  
The whisper lingers  
and fades.

To he

TKH, 2002


Gazing into his eyes of chocolate... I melt.  
To touch... sensual,  
To taste....  
Holding him in my arms,  
Unwilling to break,  
Unwilling to leave,  
My heart is torn.  
No comfort comes in his absence,  
Yet jubilation exalted at his return.  
Is there no other place in this world,  
Where I can stay in such bliss?  
A smile, a glimpse, a look,  
Sends my body into a euphoric dream,  
Only to pull back by the touch of his lips.  
My fingers trace the lines of his face,  
his brow, his cheek,  
all to perfection.  
They glide through the silk of his hair,  
a soft wave from his roots,  
gently caressing as they go.  
This is he.

All my dreams focussed in one.  
As the earth longs for the sun's warmth,  
so I long for his.  
Startled, I wake from a dream to reality,  
to find him in my arms.  
All thought is lost in him.  
Returning to slumber,  
I feel no else.



## Byron Bay Summer Law School 2003

6th - 19th December Inclusive



Southern Cross University's School of Law & Justice will be hosting the Byron Bay Summer Law School between November 2003 and February 2004. The summer program is interesting, flexible, economical and academically rigorous. One week intensive units (undergraduate) on offer are:

<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Advanced Advocacy (6 - 12 December)</li><li>• Entertainment Law (6 - 12 December)</li><li>• Public Interest Advocacy (6 - 12 December)</li><li>• Race and the Law (13 - 19 December)</li><li>• Holocaust and the Law (13 - 19 December)</li><li>• Psychiatry, Psychology and the Law (13 - 19 December)</li></ul>	<p><b>Contact:</b> School of Law and Justice Southern Cross University phone: +61 02 66 203 104 fax: +61 02 66 224 167 email: jbull@scu.edu.au</p>
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Students, Practitioners, Industry Professionals and people requiring knowledge and understanding of these units are encouraged to attend, however placed are limited.

<http://www.scu.edu.au/schools/lawj/>

# Coloured Fantasy: Racial Fetishisation and the Queer Community

Miguel

Black tops, Asian bottoms, versatile Whites. We've heard it all before. The sexual hierarchy is the unspoken, unwritten law consistent with all sexualities. Because of our community's preoccupation with sex, the fetishisation of race becomes all the more apparent. Being the object of one's desire, who would complain? If it's a mutual desire, a fair enough exchange, what's the problem? Won't racial fetishisation pave the way for tolerance, acceptance and racial equality in our community and the greater society? Aren't we all striving for an interracial society?

Outrageous, but I hear it all the time. Many NESBs are too preoccupied with racist attacks and racism in general that we forget the sexual categorisation we fall in Western society is a form of oppression against us. The sexual hierarchy is not a social ladder that we can freely move up in, like many of the social structures in our advanced capitalist world.

The racial fetishisation manifests itself vividly in pornography. Much of the inter-racially themed titles revolve around power relations and racist domination role play. Pornography attempts to make racism sexy. Asian men [feminised to be like their female counterparts] - because of the Western fantasy of their supposed "docility" and "submissiveness" - will be generally depicted as bottoms, the second class citizens of the gay community. The conceptualisation of black men is hung, top yet animalistic commonly referred to as Black Stallions. The ethnic is exotic - we're the token sexual fantasies of the white ruling class.

Being a GAM (I hate the term so much!), stepping into the scene, mature aged white men consistently vie for my attention. They shower me with promises of financial security in return for being their play thing. In the strip and on the net, it's sickening and seedy. I'm not some gold-digging Geisha. And no, being Filipino does not mean I'll jump onto any American soldier boy or business man. Rose Hancock is not my sister.

Clearly the roots of racism and heterosexism are not independent, but rather intimately connected. Any recognition of racism must necessarily recognize sexism and homophobia at the same time. Any liberation movement that does not do so denies the complexity of its oppression, and is doomed to failure in its struggle against the oppression as a result.

The queer community needs to take a deep look at itself. We need to stop recreating the racism of our heterosexual counterparts. We need to stop recreating heterosexual structures period. Queer meant to deviate from the 'norm', not to integrate. There is unimaginable potential for the queer community to be a shining example of equality. Here we have broken the gender power structures, now we need to etch away the racial roles of the heterosexist society we are trying to smash.


Love me for who I am, not what I am. Love me for what I have to say, and not my accent. Love me for the colour of my personality, and not the colour of my skin. Recognise that I am different, but I am also your equal.





# Why the gay marriage debate sucks, and questions for the radical queer left

Liz Stokes [nus nsw women's officer]



I've been thinking about the recent media storm over the same sex marriage debate and have written some "notes". I'm not interested in chastising anyone for their opinions, I contribute this in the interest of respectful political debate. When I talk about State, it's not the State government, or solely the federal government. It's the system that "we" "together" (supposedly) "elected" (whatever good ever does, however long ago,) as "legitimate" (a surprisingly fickle concept) "authority" to "govern" "Australia" (a land of many borders; contested.) 1. It's not just about growing up and "tolerating" everyone's desire to show/ demonstrate to the community/ world that one really prioritised a connection/ relationship with one other person. It's not a "simple" argument about whether people can publicly show their "love" for each other.

2. The issue of gay marriage is always ignited to distract queer activist and others challenging the state from other matters at hand. There are other facets to this argument that is always, in the mainstream media, portrayed as a "personal" issue. I.e. something to be argued person to person. The "gay" and "lesbian" community media, lapdogs of the mainstream media differ neither. Indeed, some of them even call this the Big Issue of the gay and lesbian community. (It's as though they're consistently stuck for a story!)

3. I'll repeat that: The issue of gay marriage is always ignited to distract queer activists and others challenging the state from other matters at hand. Oppressed people, it seems, are often given opportunities to engage with the State: but this is only on the State's terms and conditions, and rarely are they ever real opportunities. For example: work harder and you'll escape your crummy situation in life, concern yourself with the intimate details of the rich and famous, as described by the tabloid press and 'lifestyle' magazines.

4. The Pope/Church has reiterated his stance against marriage because he is reiterating his ownership of it. It's fairly laughable that the Church finds Same Sex Marriage (SSM) to be such a threat to the stability of the Church. And it's a debate, that radical left queers need to go over, every now and again, about strategy and opportunity. Just because this is a weak point of the conservative Right, as long as capitalism is held sovereign (as long as the church continues to profit from large tracts of land) in our secular law, then the capitalist church will find a way around such prickly issues. Because who is interested in engaging in a debate that allow no space for new imaginings of sexuality, queer kinship, queer communities, kweer lives? Jeanette Winterson said once "Imagination should first and foremost be used for the revolution of everyday life, not symbolic representations of the status quo"... or something to that effect.

5. I was reading "To Destroy Sexuality" (Guy Hockenheim, in Polysexuality, Semiotext(e):1983). Guy says that by acknowledging that the capitalist order "controls life through its expressive sexual, emotional and affective aspects, constraining it to the dictates of [the capitalist order's] totalitarian organisation based on exploitation, [colonialism, imperialism] private property, male dominance, profit, and profitability[.]", and noting that one of these is marriage and the nuclear family, and given also that the capitalist state permeates our bodies to achieve this, Guy suggests that we "direct the revolutionary struggle against capitalist oppression there where it is most deeply rooted -in the living flesh of our own body". In Queerly Classed, an anthology of lesbians and gay men writing about class, Carmen Vasquez asks "[w]hy does the religious right hold such sway on public policy on state laws? Why is it that the

religious minority view that sexuality is morality so powerfully the voice of the state?" Carmen answers: "Because the answer is not moral: it is political and economic". "Sexuality is a tool for controlling society". (Vasquez). It's older than the homo/hetero divide, more so because it doesn't seem that the hetero/homo debate has been public for that long. However, thanks to conservative history trends, a lot of 'current contemporary theory' often seems to be 'really new'. See exhibit A: the control of women's sexuality as it has contributed to women's oppression, being tied to compulsory (heterosexual) marriage.

6. Marriage has its roots in organised religion. It is championed by those as an expression relating to spirituality. Nonetheless, marriage appeared at a time when organised religion was the State, or at least was given [allowed] powers that are now defended (in western liberal democracies) as necessary (secular) and regular (ie normal) government responsibilities. Eg: legislation on partner superannuation, family custody, visiting loved ones in hospital. Carmen Vasquez also comments: 1. there are rights and protections to (married) heteronuclear families. 2. counters that everyone deserves these 'rights' because they breathe, not cos they have a certain colour/ sexuality/ class. 3. the concept of hetero to sexuality is what the concept of being white is to race: the normative standard which needs no definition of it's own, because everything else is defined in relation to it. As well, this normative standard which needs no definition of it's own bestows legal protections and social privileges to those who adhere to it.

7. It is a damning indictment of the "same sex marriage movement" (SSMM) that they have failed to achieve 'universal gay marriage rights' in all the countries where this campaign was undertaken. Damning

because the SSMM has not put forward a considered analysis of the use of “(human) rights discourse” in their campaign. See the next point for clarification. Meanwhile, for more academicky and a deeper analysis of human rights discourse, look up Wendy Brown, Michael Warner and Judith Butler (although Judith does have a propensity to break one’s brain).

8. Michael Warner, in his essay Beyond Gay Marriage, argues that this failure is also due to the fact that the same-sex marriage pro/ con debate: a. clamours for a respectable sexuality (which might be a nice touch for you but frankly my dears, fuck off. Who wants to encourage the State to intensify social normalization by proving that we are all as easily legislatable as the hetero-nuclear family?) b. disciplines the rest of us who are ‘queer’ in relation to marriage law: single people, sex workers, adulterers, divorcees, those under the age of consent, promiscuous, non-monogamous... by dint of elevating the status of married couples. c. Legitimises a silly heterosexist binary by focussing the tension between male+female couplings and male+male and female+female, when this is really only the tip of the iceberg. As I was reading Judith Butler she questions why the “prospect of “becoming political” depend[s] on our ability to operate within that discursively instituted binary and not to as, and endeavour not to know, that the sexual field is forcibly constricted through accepting these terms [of intelligibility/ understanding]?” Judith highlighted the problem for radical sexual politics when you actually want to be “unrepresentable”, “a site of pure resistance, a site unco-opted by normativity”, and yet still self reflexive and non-dogmatic, not to stay hard and fast to one single claim.

9. “The road to freedom for gays and lesbians is paved with lawsuits” spokesperson, National Center for Lesbian Rights (America) The SSMM’s major tool in this campaign was the secular legal system of Western liberal democracies because it is obvious that there are certain economic and social benefits to those who are married. Even though this campaign arose in recognition that marriage is a determinant of material conditions it legitimises the discriminatory power of marriage to ‘elevate’ and ennoble those couples (because they can only be couples) at the expense of those who are not coupled.

10. Challenge for queer students to rise above, or successfully defend the conservative backlash and manipulation of

# Fitting In

Do I have trouble fitting in? Am I feeling fine doing what I am doing? Uni of course; the ultimate. The world is mine. Years go by and what is it that motivates me? Of course – competition. Having the guts to say; I want to do well.

The truth: - Can I really relax if I have not tried hard? Am I a walking person of knowledge? What do I aspire to? – Experiences: No matter how old you are we all have experiences. So I am at Uni – Oh yes of course – there is a queer space on campus. How do you find it? Well yes it is a part of Uni.

Who I have to thank are people who have been here before and who are here now and I can get involved. No problem; Busy, busy, busy – queer room.

Here is to a spectacular semester 2 here at UQ. An introduction to the rest of my life.

Thanks again

Mature age student

‘public opinion’ against academia: ie, that they’re all wankers. Queer students need to defend not only access points of a free education, but an education that is free to critique society and encourage new ways of thinking about how we live. See that now, ‘homosexuality’ in public opinion, is no longer taught as a pathology, and there is widespread contestation of the term ‘homosexual’: thank god for the queers!

11. So, this is really about the power of love. Thank you celine dion. We must question the validity of sustaining a “relationship” with one other person, and not in a should I/ shouldn’t I context at all. This is not about ‘the other person’! We must look at how the idea of ‘love between two people’ is formed/ shaped/ influenced/ overturned/ corrupted/ purified/ changed/ simply used by the Church and the State and Capitalism to their own ends. Love is not something that is eternal and innate and a fact of life that the Church+State+Capitalism ‘works around’/ accommodates: it is a fact of their collective creation as well. See: the wedding industry, dedicated wedding stationery shops, bridal magazines, wedding transport etc etc vomit on the bridal veil, fall on the wedding cake.

12. Because this is the lie I reckon we get: that the State/ Govt has nothing to do with our personal relationships, and the Church is only primarily concerned with ‘love’ in relation to ‘god’/ whatever.

13. So, I’m thinking about love, hope and revolution. And destroying sexuality.

Reading list:

Left Legalism, Left Critique, eds Wendy Brown + Janet Halley, Durham : Duke University Press, 2002.

Queerly Classed, ed Susan Raffo, South End Press, 1997.

Polysexuality, ed François Peraldi, Autonomedia/Semiotext (e), 1995 (reprint).

Days of War, Nights of Love, Crimeth Inc, 2001.





# SCHOOLS OUTREACH CAMPAIGN

Each year, the UQ Union Queer Collective prioritises campaigns which we feel are vitally important for the wellbeing of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people.

This year, the collective has launched a "Schools Outreach Campaign".

## The aim of the campaign is threefold:

1. In recognition of the many disadvantages queer students face in the education system and wider society, our collective is determined to make a difference in the lives of young queer High School students by offering hope and affirmation to as many young people as we can possibly reach. We see this initiative as a bridging program which will empower young queers to hang in and see some light past the end of the nightmare that school can be for them.

2. As part of the Queer Collective's broader aims, we wish to strengthen ties to external organisations that are active and committed to helping young queers. Since the campaign's inception two months ago, we have begun a process of Collaboration with Open Doors LGBTI youth service and Family Planning Queensland's Education Department. Our ultimate aim is to have a strong and liberatory program offered to all Queensland schools.

3. As part of our commitment to supporting queers on campus, we have responded whole-heartedly to the desire of our collective members to make a difference in the lives of young people still stuck in the homophobic and transphobic High School system. For many in our collective, this is another step on the road to coming into their own power.

"Just about every recent study indicates the most traumatic and severe prejudice encountered in society happens in schools," says Rodney Croome, who has been employed by the Human Rights Commission to set up the Outlink network.

"Schools are the crucibles of homophobia, and the scars left on vulnerable students can last a lifetime." Only education, Croome insists, can break the matrix of anti-gay bigotry: "Young people have to be taught that homophobia is uncool, in the same way racism is uncool."

Anyone who doubts that homophobia is a real problem in schools should speak to school counsellors.

The stories are depressingly familiar: daily assaults of teasing, bumps and shoves in the corridor, being spat on, steely-eyed glares, which often graduate to kicks, punches, beatings, even death threats. A recent study by the Australian National University described homophobia in our schools as "endemic, extensive and savage".

Darryl Murray, a coordinator with Family Planning in Queensland insists that "we have hit only the tip of the iceberg." The reason being that most gay and lesbian teens are far too ashamed or scared to seek help.

Surveys both here and in the US suggest the suicide rate for young gays and lesbians is about three times greater than for their heterosexual peers.

Combine that with the landmark results of a survey of 1200 rural school children in Victoria, Tasmania and Queensland - which revealed 11 per cent of students did not classify themselves as heterosexual - and you have a possible epidemic of discrimination.

When the survey's coordinator, Dr Lynne Hillier of La Trobe University, tried to excavate the issues behind those statistics, she struck a deep slab of resistance. "Most gay and lesbian kids were too terrified to speak out," she says.

"One young boy yelled that gay foetuses should be aborted."

Croome, 33, who has been fighting for gay and lesbian rights for most of his adult life - he was instrumental in the decriminalisation of homosexual acts in Tasmania in 1997 - says the 11 per cent figure "translates into hundreds of thousands of youngsters, many of whom endure terrible levels of cruelty daily". About 70 per cent of gay bashings, Croome adds, occur at school.

Homophobia is the last bastion of acceptable prejudice, insists Croome, which is why anti-racism kits are compulsory in high schools, and anti-homophobia kits are not. Translation: one form of prejudice is more acceptable than another.

As Croome presses for mandatory anti-homophobia kits in schools nationwide, he is often asked, what's the rush?

To that question he responds, "Tell that to the young man who is beaten up each day on the school bus; tell that to the young woman who is on the verge of suicide.

"The sooner these policies are introduced," says Croome, "the sooner we can reduce violence in our schools."

(Greg Callaghan, "Worst Days of Their Lives", The Australian, April 10, 2000)

If you would like to become involved in the campaign or would like to suggest further campaigns to the collective, please come along to Queer Collective meetings, Thursdays at 1pm during semester time, meeting room 3, UQ Union Administration Building.

Alternatively, email or phone us:

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Kris Coonan (Resources Organiser and counselling/referral/advocacy for LGBTI students)

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Ph: 3377 2214



President's Report

UQ  
union

Well it's been a busy few months in the Union since my last report, its almost hard to believe that the current exec will soon be out of office. It's not yet time for my ruminations and musing on the year so please stay tuned to the next edition on my breakdown of what's happened this year. But for now here's what been happening.

ReUnion Week

ReUnion week this year was somewhat of a mixed bag, while some parts were very successful other parts were not. Market day as always was a great success with the highest club turnout and participation ever, it's good to see that our campus culture is still alive and well. ReVitalise was not the success that it usually is with many problems developing on the night; my hat however does go off to our brand new Activities Organiser for making the best of a bad situation in her baptism of fire. Students of UQ can expect much from this staff member in the future me thinks.

Referendum

As many of you have probably heard by now the results of the referendum are in with a resounding NO vote in the majority. The results in fact were quite interesting with close to 3 300 people voting over a period of three days. This voter turnout rivals that of normal voter turnout during the week long Union election period... a sign of things to come perhaps?

Elections

Yes my friends the annual elections have been called (I can hear the hooting and hollering now from you all). The nominations have opened and closed with a full list of candidates available on the notice board of level 4 in the Union Complex. My word to the wise: voting takes place in the last week of October, please note that this is the last week of your classes. People will probably

start campaigning two weeks before that so be prepared to be harassed. A stupid time to hold elections if you ask me (and this time they didn't) as it means that students will be busy cramming for exams etc and quite annoyed at being disturbed. The logic behind it all was that Arts and SBS students wouldn't be on campus to go out and vote for the left (do prove them wrong for me please). Obviously a large importance is placed on this year's election because of the current split executive, it will be a question of who can reclaim the Union, can the left do it or will it fall entirely to the young liberals. The answer ultimately is up to you... just make sure your voice is heard and your vote is cast.

Academic Life

There have been rafts of University committees which I have attended which have resulted in some fairly positive outcomes. Honours students now have across the board guidelines to ensure fairness to all, the one thing we haven't been successful in yet is getting them to be firmly recognised as postgrads but it's a strong step in the right direction at least. A whole raft (hmm my boating analogies continue I see) of guidelines and HUPPS (a trendy University word for policy) on assessment including the absolute banning of bell curving, compulsory course outlines with criteria and assessment weightings, and some firm guidelines on remarking and blind marking. Some real progress has been made in this area so it's up to students now to make the University keep to their own rules. Let us know if you catch anyone in the act we'll be happy to bust'em.

Queer Presidency

One could hardly let the Queer edition of Semper go by without having a few words to say. Queer Presidents are hardly a new thing, and I'm certainly not starting any new

trends or boldly going where no person has gone before. In fact I am the third Queer President in a row... so in fact I feel slightly passé. However it has been an honour to work within the Student Union this year and to represent the students of UQ, likewise it has been an honour to be an openly gay president. Two things that stand out in my mind this year are; firstly earlier this year our Secretary thought it might be nice to have council tour the colleges, our first and last stop was in fact St. Leos where much grandstanding was had (by my liberal comrades of course) trying to convince college students that we wasted more money on queer and women students than we did on them. On one of the numerous times I got up to speak I recall hearing quite loud and clearly "oh here comes that poofter president again." Quite catchy I thought, perhaps I should start having my belongings monogrammed PP. This served to remind me of a few things, that no matter how intelligent and learned you become, and no matter how much you surround yourself with civilised society, bigotry and intolerance will always exist... that and some people never mature beyond the age of twelve. The second point to stand out in my mind was at the annual Sorry Day Dinner; at this event the President gives a speech on behalf of the Union. How my speech was structured and my message aside I ended up coming out to 400 complete strangers, many of whom were indigenous elders. As someone who has been 'out' for five years and who doesn't hide their sexuality I can honestly tell you it was both the hardest and most liberating thing I have ever done.

Well that's my ramblings and musing aside. Enjoy your September holidays and be sure to stay focused on your University work. So until my final column, farewell and adieu.

Aaron Marsham

Greetings all!

The editors have kindly allowed me a little space to introduce myself. My name is Gillian (that's with a hard 'G') but I don't mind being called Gill. I have taken over the position of Women's Rights Organiser for the next 15 months while Toni Lawson has a break. Please feel free to come in and see me if you need assistance with any concerns, complaints or issues you may have or even just to have a chat. I have over ten year's experience of dealing with numerous gender related issues, especially those of concern to women students. If I am unable to provide the assistance you need I will help you find the appropriate contacts.

I have also spent time working with international students, meeting students at the airport as they first arrive in Australia and helping them get settled in to their accommodation and locate local shops and other services. Most recently I have been working for Link-Up (Qld), an Indigenous community organisation that helps to reunite members of the Stolen Generation with their families. These experiences have increased my ability to recognise and advocate for people dealing with race-based discrimination issues. Once again if I am unable to assist I will help you to locate someone who can. I am really looking forward to making a difference and meeting a lot of you here at UQ.

Cheers for now, Gill

Gillian Brannigan

Women's Rights Organiser

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# AMNESTY CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION WINNERS

**This August, the Amnesty UQ club ran a Creative Writing Competition on the theme of “Human Rights.” Entries could take the form of any fiction or non-fiction genre, and were to be 500-700 words, or at least 70 words for poems.**

**The Amnesty UQ would like to thank all those who participated in the competition and congratulate them on the high standard of entries received. The winner of the competition is Shelley Moore, who wrote “The Last Day of My Life”, and the runner-up is Dominika Soszka with her poem “Pathway to Peace”. We hope you enjoy their work as much as the judges did!**

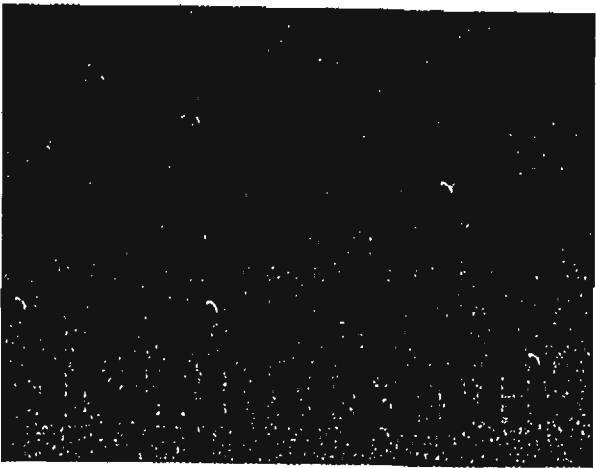


## A Pathway to Peace.

We look out at the world  
With eyes that define people by the colour of their skin,  
With ears that define people by the accent in their voices,  
And with hands that deliver vengeance at war,  
But eyes and ears and hands  
Are all confined to the realm of our bodies,  
Which will dissolve into the Earth, with time.  
  
If we were all blind or deaf or disabled,  
Perhaps only then would we realize,  
That the worth of a human being  
Lies beyond his image or his name.  
  
If we all learned to hear and see and speak with our hearts,  
Perhaps only then,  
Could we join hands as brother and sister  
To walk softly over the Earth as one,  
Marking with each step,  
A Pathway to Peace.

**Dominika Soszka**





# The Last Day of My Life

Shelley Moore

AMNESTY CREATIVE  
WRITING  
COMPETITION  
WINNERS

Hi I'm Shelley and welcome to The Last Day Of My Life. Sounds like one of those dodgy TV game shows doesn't it? Somehow, when I was younger, I'd always imagined that the last day of my life would be more glamorous. Obviously not if I got hit by a bus or poisoned by my mum's cooking, but if I could know in advance that I only had one day left to live then I wouldn't waste a moment of it! Did you ever do that - argue with your friends about what you'd do if the earth were going to end tomorrow? There always seemed to be two types of people – the spend-time-with-family-and-friends people and the stuff-it-I-always-wanted-to-go-skydiving people. Personally, I was a skydiver.

Unfortunately, what I didn't consider was that the possibilities might be a little more limited than that. At the moment, with just under 18 hours left of that sweet feeling of existence, my options are: a) run madly around my tiny cell, screaming and pounding on the concrete walls until I collapse on the floor, b) perch sadly on my hard wooden bed and reminisce about the good times of my 29 years, or c) bitch about the injustice of my impending death tomorrow. Out of a pretty pathetic choice, the last option appeals to me most because, really, I am more than a little pissed off at my situation and had rather made plans for the next 50 years.

I suppose 10 years ago, in 2003, no one would have even imagined that I could be sitting in a jail cell in Canberra awaiting my death. At that time I would have been 19 and innocent, going to uni and avoiding study, frequenting shady pubs in the Valley, enjoying sunshine, coffee and with my greatest problem being how to stop my hipsters from falling down. Sure, I knew people suffered, that not everyone had the same basic human rights that I enjoyed, that for some people it really was The Last Day Of Their Lives. But not in my backyard. Not me.

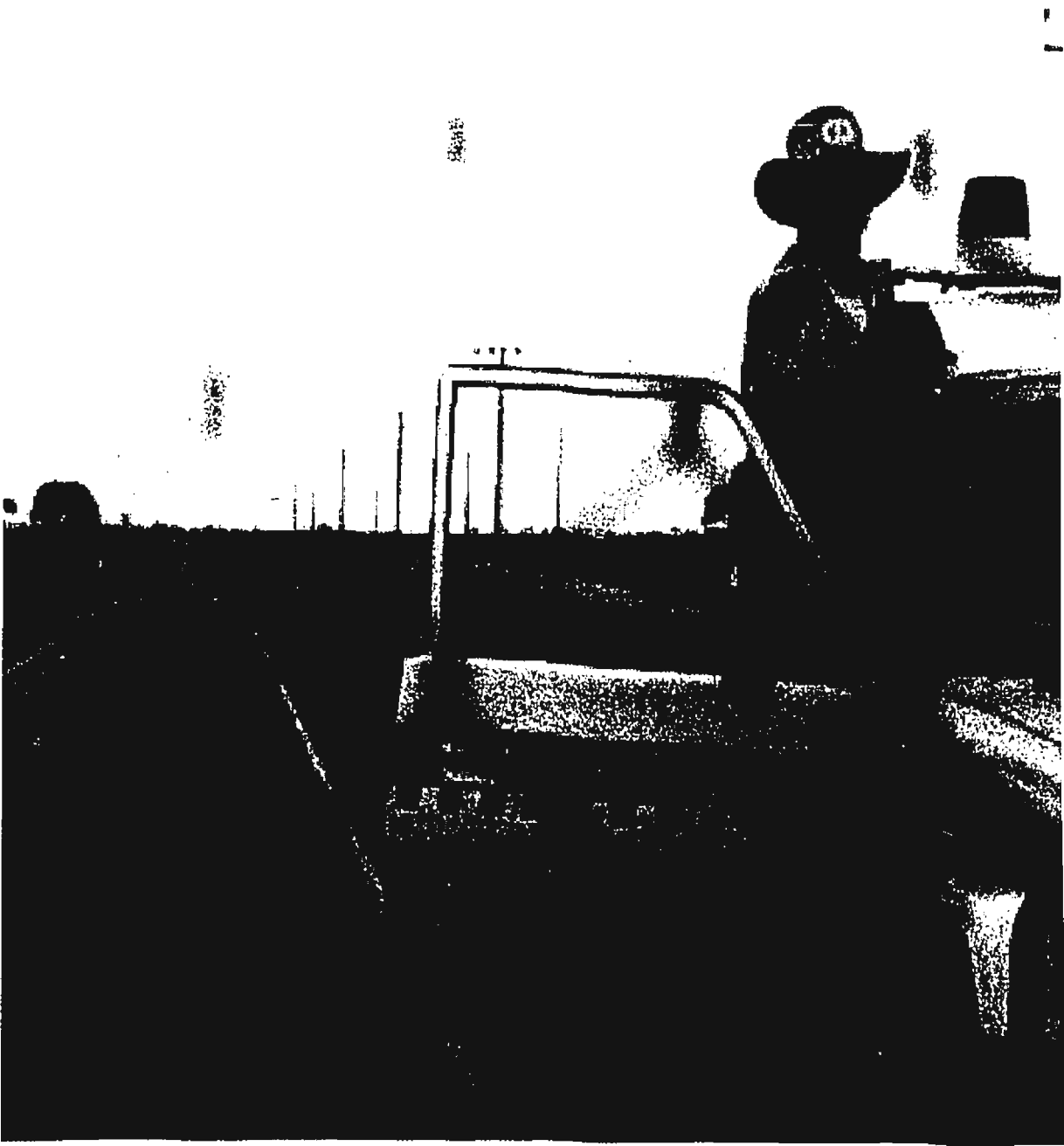
It all started back then though. After finding only apathy towards his ill-treatment of refugees, the evil Prime Minister gleefully rubbed his hands together and put into action the second stage of his plans for world domination, assured that no one would do anything to stop him. Australia lost all pretence at being democratic and

brought in hundreds of new, harsh policies. I tried, like most people, to ignore the situation, but one day I had to face up to this new reality. A squadron of YOBBO's (Young and Old Battlers Banishing Outsiders) surrounded my house while I was having lunch and told me to "drop the sushi onto the floor and step away from it slowly." Foreign food had been made illegal (I knew this but there's only so many meat pies you can take) and I was charged with Un-Australian Behaviour and sentenced, without trial, to execution.

No doubt this is all breaking a few hundred international treaties not to mention the Declaration of Human Rights, but no one challenges Australia anymore because they have lots of big scary weapons. I could technically claim refugee status if I ever managed to escape from here, but the rest of the world has taken on Australia's idea of "sending refugees back to where they come from" so I'd no doubt just end up back in this cell sooner or later. Irritating is kind of an understatement.

I'm starting to really wish I could just go back to 2003 and stop the dangerous trends before they had gotten out of control. Oh, and to tell them what's going to happen on Neighbours in 10 years time. And that alien life gets discovered living on Earth, disguised as the Prince of Wales. They didn't quite get the facial proportions right but no one seemed to notice, not until 2007 when he ate the Queen that is.

Trouble is, I can't go back in time, or I'm sure people would be outraged with what the future could hold in their own country. Sounds pretty ludicrous, until you realise that even in 2003 the same sort of persecution was already happening in Australia, only then it was hidden away in the desert behind razor wire. But sitting in this cell on The Last Day Of My Life, I have the two consolations of Australia's excellent national security, and as much fish and chips as I care to eat.





# Speaking out?

Hannah Telford

Should strong, independent women speak out against oppression? I had a conversation a couple of weeks ago about this issue and since then have begun to investigate the opinions of a small group of women in order to answer this question. Many of the women I spoke to raised very similar ideas. The only differences were their approaches and how they came to their conclusions. These were due to differences in backgrounds, particularly in relation to their experiences with oppression, socio-economic status, educational level and to some extent their political persuasions. Of course, there were also areas where their opinions differed. But let's go back to the question - is the answer yes or no?

If the answer is yes, it could be argued that strong, independent women should speak out against oppression as they have a better chance of achieving a positive outcome. Why? This could be based on the premise that these women tend to be more confident, challenging, argumentative, determined and goal-oriented. These traits alone could determine success in a situation where they need to speak out against oppression. In particular, these characteristics increase the probability that their voices will be heard in a still male-dominated structured society.

If the answer is no, it could be argued those most affected by oppression have a greater insight and therefore should speak out against oppression. In this way, they could lead the struggle in terms of autonomous organising. Why? Those most affected by oppression, based on gender, race, sexual orientation, etc, have a greater understanding of what it is like to be in that oppressed situation. In relation to a strong, independent woman outside of the oppression leading the struggle, there is the danger of assuming they know what is best for others. However, this article does not imply that women who identify as strong and independent are not affected by oppression.

Further, even though strong, independent women may embody confidence, the ability to challenge, debate and argue, determination and goal orientation, does the fact that these traits have historically been perceived as being male-characteristics impose a form of structural oppression? This oppression may be based on an undermining of those trying to achieve strength and independence by someone or society saying what a woman should or should not be.

Of course, this leads to defining oppression – it is the condition where an individual or group is prevented from the privileges experienced by others due to an imbalance of power. This is just one definition. Many of the women who contributed to this article had slightly different views of what constitutes oppression and the difference between being oppressed as opposed to feeling oppressed. There a difference between an individual being oppressed and/or feeling oppressed. An individual could physically be oppressed in a given situation, for example a woman who is raped. However, if the prevailing conditions in society allow for a particular group of people to be more likely to experience violence than others, then an individual does not have to experience this violence to be affected and modify their behaviour accordingly. For example, the prevalence of media reports and, importantly, warnings of attacks on women have changed the way they behave and where they go based on the threat rather than an actual event. Therefore, even though they have not been oppressed in this instance, they can still feel oppressed. Alternatively, you could argue that an individual was oppressed

based on structural oppression, yet not feel oppressed. This could be due to a number of factors. They may not be aware they are oppressed or their background could have assisted with removing certain structural oppressions. For example, a well-educated, middle-class woman would not experience the same level of oppression as a less-educated woman with a lower socio-economic background.

When discussing autonomous organising I discovered that many of the women I spoke to had differing opinions on what it was, how it works, and the benefits of such organisations. For the purpose of this article, autonomous organising is a concept that describes a situation where those who share some common life experiences (usually based on the ability or inability to access power) discuss and make decisions in a space free of interference or influence by those who are more accustomed to power or exercising social, economic or political power over others.

During my many conversations with the women who contributed to this article, it was often those women who had experience with autonomous organising groups (or collectives) that placed a greater importance on their existence. When determining the role that a woman, who identified as strong and independent, played in the group the responses varied. Those women who held less significance for autonomous groups, generally stated the roles of leading, organising and/or facilitating should be performed by those who are the most qualified or skilled. Whereas, a general consensus from the women who had participated more actively with autonomous groups placed a higher importance on oppressed persons taking on the roles of leadership, organisation and/or facilitation. However, most of the women agreed on the idea of "skilling up" individuals who were being oppressed, so that they developed the abilities to lead, organise and/or facilitate.

To further this discussion, what benefits can individuals bring to an autonomous organising group? A woman who identified as strong and independent could empower those around her by her actions, thoughts and words. Empowerment is a potent tool in fighting oppression by raising people's consciousness but empowerment is a two-way process. Listening to the experience of an oppressed situation will lead to a greater understanding of not only that situation but of other inequalities in society. Individuals could provide a support network for those within the group and create a collective feeling of empowerment. There is also the concept that together we are stronger and a united front is more beneficial for all.

Whether or not this article has answered the question - should strong, independent women speak out against oppression – is almost irrelevant. Perhaps it should just be everyone. The fact is that to some degree each of the women who contributed to this article and identified as being strong and independent, do act and speak out against oppression. Would you do the same?

Kramarae, C. and Treichler, P. A. (1992) Amazons, Bluestockings and Crones, Pandora Press: London.

Contributions by: Sarah Botham, Kris Coonan, Claire English, Margaret Telford, Mel Venville, Jeni Walters and Lisa White.

PARTS OF ORIGINAL DOCUMENT MISSING OR ILLEGIBLE

# ARE BLOKES OK?

TOBY DAVIDSON

Living in Australian society for the past 27 years I am at times left wondering. What I am curious about is if Australian Men, Blokes, are actually doing OK as a result of the image we have chosen for ourselves. I wonder if who we are and how we understand ourselves as men needs reviewing. Is the Australian model of masculinity actually benefiting men? Is it really working for us, and is it working for society?

I wonder if the problem isn't that the barriers of masculinity have not been pushed far enough. I can see that for women in the past thirty years our concept of femininity has broadened. Through the work of the feminist movement our understanding of what it is to be a woman have changed. It has now become more acceptable for a woman to choose careers once closed to her, enjoy a wide range of social pursuits, and have children or not as she so desires. Where once to be a woman was to raise a family and support a husband, now being a woman is a far broader concept. And women are supporting this emerging understanding of womanhood as a varied expression governed by personal choices. This new freedom to follow dreams once closed to them has seen women take power over themselves and their lives. Power that was once held by men.

What I have not seen is a broadening of Masculinity. We have a lot of work to do and could learn from the way women have been able to redefine their role in society. The dominant belief of Australian Men about ourselves has hardly changed in the past thirty years. Hegemonic masculinity still exists. There is a belief that there is some type of man, some interpretation of masculinity that is more favourable, more masculine than others. This idea of course is the great Aussie Bloke. He is the one who loves to drink beer, watch football and fuck women. It is for him that the lion's share of masculinity is awarded.

What of the men who don't drink beer, don't watch footy and don't choose to have sex with women? Are they any less a man? According to our current standards of manhood the answer is yes.

If a man perhaps watches footy, drinks beer and has sex with other blokes then two out of three is certainly not good enough. The judgment handed out by the typical Australian Bloke is that he is most definitely less of a man and more than this there is something wrong with him. Now how is any of this in house fighting actually serving us as men? I am lead to believe, by David Gilmore's 1990 book, *Manhood in the Making: Cultural Concepts of Masculinity*, that these mechanisms of masculinity are in place so that we can survive as a species. Gilmore states in his work, "We may regard 'real manhood' as an inducement for high performance in the social struggle for scare resources, a code of conduct that advances collective interest by overcoming inner inhibitions"(Page 223).

Are we then forced to prove ourselves men by achieving? If our dominant understanding of Masculinity is equated with beer drinking, footy and sex with women then what sort of bloke will be king of the heap? A drunken promiscuous yob seems to be the height of Manliness on this scale and what does this man really have to offer the community other than aggravated assault.

As Australians we are free to be exactly who we choose. To dress as we choose, to have sex with whom we want, and work in any given occupation, as we so desire. All of these are facts of law and yet we men choose to limit ourselves. We limit what is acceptable manliness, and in the process a whole lot of men are left out in the cold, unable to either identify with other men or function freely in society without prejudice and harassment. We as men make these pressures that bind us. We give ourselves these straight jackets to live out our lives in. Our rules make it difficult for us to explore our sexualities, to explore new lifestyles and even new interests to pursue. We are unable to love and accept each other as we all choose to be. Aussie Bloses are all stuck competing over masculinity like it was a finite resource, over when in fact it is a limitless energy we can all feel in our own way.

Do women compete within their own gender to assert what it is to be a woman? Is there one dominant group that is able to dictate to the whole what is the 'right' way to be a woman? In our recent history I think this was surely the case. Women were expected to get married, stay at home, and be the carers for children. Other women would look down on you if you were pregnant out of wedlock or for some reason chose not to be with a man at all.

My grandmother speaks of her days in the Queensland Education Department where women were sacked once married, as they would obviously want to stay home to cook and clean for their husbands. Now that

women are out in the work force, men have been left to pick up the pieces of how we identify ourselves as men. With women now at work we can no longer be the breadwinner, the provider and protector of the family unit. Women can and will earn more than their husbands leaving the men unable to use the old 'bread winner' identity. This situation along with many others where women have been able to claim their rightful share of participation within the community has highlighted the need for us as men to base our masculinity on something else. And what perhaps may this new basis be founded on?

What I propose is not man, the breadwinner, but man the nurturer. Like women, we have a powerful nurturing instinct. It is what made up that old hunter, protector, and provider stuff; our desire to care for our loved ones and our community. We can use this energy to care for our environment, our communities, and to spread understanding. Wouldn't it be great if a bloke's masculinity was called into question not on what sort of clothes he has on but whether he was willing to help out in a local community working bee?

Wouldn't it be great if this man the nurturer was able to support his fellow bloke into seeing who he really wants to be rather than forcing him to conform to an out dated set of standards. Standards that have lost their use and are actually only working against us. We have been left with a need to change our concept of Masculinity as it causes us to strive for dominance, when all any of us really wants is a couple of mates about who know us, and treat us well.



# Howard Now Making Parliamentary Decisions Using Paper Toy

Karene Arundell



A pink-cheeked, white-haired old guy in a tuxedo presents Howard with the miracle toy.

In an attempt to re-vamp parliament's rather inert approach to resolving the country's troubles, John Howard has unveiled a new quick-fix, pro-active approach to problem-solving: a paper decision-making toy of infinitely cool proportions.

"I have a very, very exciting announcement to make," Howard said in a voice quivering with suppressed excitement at yesterday's press conference. "A lot of you may have noticed that, so far, our government's attitude toward tackling problems has sucked, to say the least. But, my fellow Australians, those times are over. From now on I'm going to stop thinking and start acting, and you're all coming along for the ride. Today, for instance, I'll be..." Howard broke off to momentarily consult the paper toy before lifting his head in victorious discovery, "- ringing up George Bush for a sleepover!" The assembled crowd then fell into frenzied applause, prompting a quick spurt of celebratory break-dancing from Howard.

The strangely-shaped, mysterious decision-maker, delivered to Howard by some grey-haired bloke at one of high society's recent tuxedo-wearing awards-night-type shindigs (see photo), has drawn much analysis from the media. The toy is believed to be based on a prototype used by pre-teen girls for deciding everything from which clothes to wear to which boys to date, and is operated by the user inserting their thumbs and forefingers in the toy's

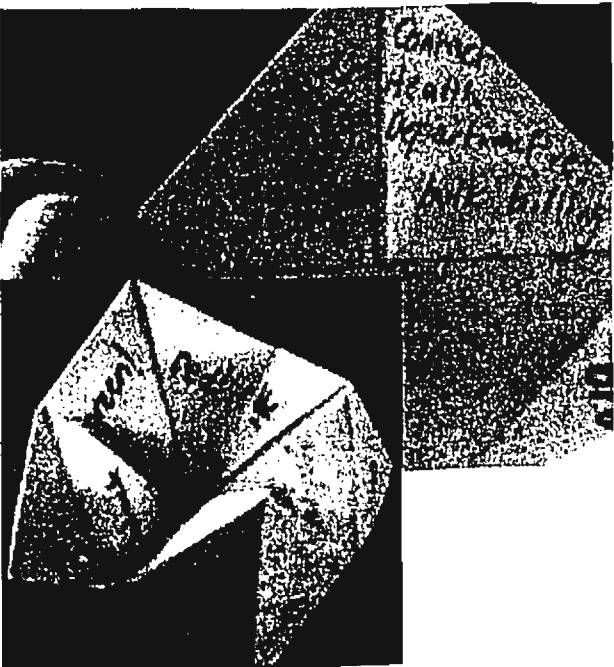
underbelly. The operator selects one of the numbers written at the top of the toy, and 'opens' it backwards and forwards that number of times until the toy's innards are opened to reveal a selection of colours inside (photo). The user then lifts up the flap of their favourite colour and reads their fortune.

According to insiders, Howard has been spending hours in solitude, playing with his toy at The Lodge. Already the toy has been responsible for a number of snap decisions which would usually be discussed at length in parliament, including that of Howard's taking steps to repair Australia's damaged relationship with the U.N., deciding to reassess the Health Department's stance on bulk billing, and invading France "for the hell of it". However, there are those who fear that Howard is letting the toy overtake his life, following its instructions as he does to the absolute T.

"He does everything that that thing tells him to, and it's going too far," claimed a parliamentary figure who wishes to remain anonymous. "I've visited him a few times at the Lodge and he's been repeatedly at me to 'try it.' That's fine when it's something like, "sit down and discuss international politics", not so fine when it says, "Kiss the person closest to you!", or, "Join Saddam". But I've said too much already," murmured the alarmed source, before departing to oversee official business involving industry, tourism and resources.

Already political watchers have pointed the finger at the mysterious white-haired old bloke who gave Howard the toy, blaming the unknown figure for introducing his secret agenda to Australian Parliament. "I don't know what this old fellow's game is, but this toy is not only dangerous but immature and high-schoolish, and I don't like the way the way it's affecting Johnny," another mysterious colleague hissed in passing to a reporter. "We'll talk more later, but right now I'm due for a game of truth-or-dare at The Lodge."

Upon selecting "5, yellow" the decision-making toy recommends John Howard have a money fight with Graham Richardson; and (inset) the magical decision-making paper toy





# ILLUMINATE YOUR UNIVERSITY

Harried students hurry by not noticing winter has given way to spring or the t-shirt clad groups assembling in the space between main hall and the eatery. Hopeful and current student politicians also rush about in an agitated state not associated with their grades slipping from "Conceded Pass" to "Bugger Off and Find a Job in a Junior Minister's Office". Yes, it's election time and the air is thick with an excitement unfelt by only 95% of the student population. Declan and Damian, presidential candidate and campaign manager respectively for *Illuminate*, are sitting at the team stall when their talk turns from Iraq to more pressing matters.

"Why aren't you wearing the team t-shirt", Damian asks Declan terseiy.

"It's crap", responds an even terser Declan.

"*Illuminate* - Lighting Up Your University with Social Justice, Equality, Feminism, Revolution, Environmentalism, Disco Balls and whatever else. Fortunately, the print gets so small you can't read past Up Your. As the leader I can look a bit different, anyway".

"Declan, you are decked out in jeans and a Colorado shirt. You might look different from the group but not from every other bloke on campus.

"You accepted the vote to let the immoderate left, the greens, women's and the queer area in, so now you have to put up with their contributions, even if it means endless meetings and a t-shirt that is like a grocery list for Ideology Mart".

"Fine, I will put it on later", snaps an unhappy and soon to be unstylish Declan.

"By the way, David wants to know if it's too late for the *Democrats* to join us".

"Who?"

"David".

"I know who David is but who are the *Democrats*?"

"I don't know, some fringe group or something".

"Right, well tell David we don't have enough room on our t-shirt for whatever it is the *Democrats* stand for".

At this point in the conversation Andrew, former student turned staffer for a junior minister, has taken the opportunity afforded

by the rest of his team being away composing a scurrilous leaflet about Declan's sexual proclivities to sidle up to *Illuminate*'s stall. His manner suggests he has got something more on his mind than the Meals on Wheels meeting he is going to attend shortly for his boss.

"Hi Andrew", Declan and Damian slur in unison.

"How's the campaign going? Tenth one isn't it? Don't suppose you want to tell us where the rest of your team has gone?" adds Damian sarcastically.

"Just printing our queer policy I think", Andrew answers in the petulant tone his Young Liberal colleagues have gotten used to of late.

"There is something I want to talk to you guys about.

"There are a few issues I believe we're not addressing and I thought I might take it upon myself to raise them; not to undermine the group but just to let students know what *Winston* will stand for when Adrian finally stops being preselected as our presidential candidate. Unfortunately, the Liberal Club is drier than an Evangelical Students' Convention these days, and twice as dull.

"Anyway, I better get back to the stall before somebody pinches the Adrian - A Real Student for Real Students leaflets again. You haven't seen Mitchell from *Beazley* have you, Damian?"

"Probably trying to find a better name".

"Right".

With Andrew's departure, Damian starts giving the recently gathered *Illuminate* their first tasks for the day.

"Steven, Mick, Anthony, Chris and Jessica, here are some brochures to give out and yes, Jessica, I know leaflets are made from trees and that without trees sloths don't have anywhere to come down from when they need to take a crap but people need to be told how to vote. Especially make sure you have them when you go to the Engineering and Arts faculties.

"John, Stewart, Brian and Sandy, here is the lecture bash list and yes, Brian, I know I have given you *Killing Off the Welfare State* and *Other Economic Rationalities 101* to do but think of all the potential recruits to the Socialist Liberation Front of Brisbane (SLFB) in that class.

"Everybody else is to monitor the movements of those students who tell you they have already voted even though the polls aren't even open yet. If they still haven't cast their ballot by the end of the week get their names because we are going to introduce a retrospective policy to make voting compulsory. The fines incurred for

failure to comply with this initiative should make for a very fine time at next year's National Union of Students (NUS) Conference in Hawaii.

"Nobody get into any debates about the need to serve real food in the refectory or the merits, or otherwise, of the new Dannii Minogue single. Stay focussed, look humble and if you have got a spare moment try and get rid of the graffiti Andrew wrote in the toilets. We don't want the Electoral Officer blaming us for all those references to Adrian's small pecker in the John Dawkins Building lavatories.

The group heads off in different directions, while Declan leaves to change his shirt and redo his hair. Damian allows himself a moment's reflection and a Marlboro Red. "Thank god the greens still smoke", he mutters to himself as he lights one of the cigarettes he has pilfered from the Environment Officer candidate. He notices the rest of *Winston* has returned but as usual they are just sitting around smirking. Except Andrew that is, whose smirk has become a permanent scowl.

"My second last year of doing this", he thinks with some sadness until his mood changes dramatically with the sudden arrival of Betty, the twin-set and pearls Young Liberal President and law student whose voice sounds like a drill and chainsaw.

"Did you put that nasty graffiti up on the toilet walls because if you did I'm going to tell the Electoral Officer and he'll make *Illuminate* pay for the damages?

"Besides it's not true and I should know".

Andrew takes another drag on his smoke while preparing to respond. He thinks again to himself but more happily this time, "My second last year of doing this".

By Darlene Taylor

darls\_2at@yahoo.com.au

Feel free to visit my website at [www.geocities.com/darls\\_2at](http://www.geocities.com/darls_2at)







# How to evict your Housemate: a step by step guide

The Chad

So its well into second semester and your relationships in the share house from hell are starting to fall apart. So how does a normally easy going student turn into the beast from hell to drive your housemates away? One sure fired method is to write your housemate a nasty note. The following is just a sample guide of things you can include in your note. Be aware however that you should aim to pick out every fault they your housemate has ever had, and your note should be of a university essay style with an introduction, body and conclusion. Make sure to have arguments backed up by proof and if at all possible take the moral high ground (it will certainly help with your holier than thou attitude).

Once left in an obvious place for all to see (including the intended recipient), carry on about your business as normal and be nice and friendly to the housemate in question.

Good Luck!

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Email to [Enquiries@iasos.utas.edu.au](mailto:Enquiries@iasos.utas.edu.au)

UTAS  
UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA  
INSTITUTE OF ANTARCTIC & SOUTHERN OCEAN STUDIES

Dear (insert name of housemate here),

Firstly I would like to say that your note leaving is somewhat of a cowardly and gutless tool. When we first moved in you highlighted the fact that (insert name of person you replaced) left notes a lot and didn't speak to either you or (insert other housemates names), at this time you communicated that this was not appropriate and that at all times we should speak to each other, something that you have failed to do consistently with your note leaving practice. My response is either speak to the other members of the house or shut up.

Secondly I find your note largely hypocritical. (insert name of housemate letter is addressed to) I'll be honest, generally you're a nice guy but you're a slovenly pig. You never clean up after yourself and the house is always untidy and in a mess mainly because of you. The lounge room always has empty bottles or containers in it, there are always unwashed and dirty dishes and there is usually a pile of your crap on the other chairs. The kitchen is constantly a mess and this is largely because of you. Your plates pile up and have several times actually started growing mould. Both the lounge room and the kitchen stink constantly because of this and frankly I am sick and tired of it. Several times I have washed up after you and frequently I clean up your mess. I am the only one who has actually bothered to sweep and clean both the kitchen and lounge on a regular basis something which you have never done since my arrival here. (insert name of other housemate here) and I are also the only ones who clean the toilet and bathroom (including actually scrubbing the toilet bowl and the bath itself) once again these are things you have never done (and don't even get me started on your refusal to actually share the cost of toilet roll). Considering you are the person who spends most time at home and has the most free time generally you should be looking after yourself and helping us out from time to time, not us being your personal fucking housemaids.

I am particularly annoyed because if you had left me some time I would have gladly cleaned up my mess without fuss. The fact that you left me some cowardly note after I spoke to you yesterday afternoon and said I would get to it in the next day or so just goes further to highlight your completely hypocritical nature.

I am normally an easy going guy who gets along with everyone but frankly I have had a gutful. You are not an easy person to live with and I have had enough. Either you shape up or ship out. If you don't change your dirty habits then I suggest you move out. If you don't then I will. The choice is yours. Since you can barely afford to live here as it is I suggest you start looking for elsewhere to live but should you decide to stay then I am quite happy to leave.

I look forward to your note in response with your decision of future house living arrangements.

(insert your name here)

Q U E E R E D I T T O N

UQ  
union





# Unleash The Gimp

With Chess Master Nik Stawski



## QUEER CHESS

**FACT:** Chess is a male dominated sport. Does this mean that it's a haven for gay men seeking like-minded intellectual types? Well, according to my research, it would seem that there is not a lot of openly gay people in the chess world (to the best of knowledge, every World Chess Champion has been married ... to a woman). I found many more references to queer chess moves than queer chess people. The only

mention of gay chess I have found is the chess tournament held for the 2002 Gay Games in Sydney. Someone from the Union's Queer Collective suggested that gay chess would involve playing with the Queens more than the other chessmen. But really, who gives a shit about it? A chess player's sex and sexuality is irrelevant to the game itself. It should be noted, however, that I've noticed a very similar attitude among chess players as among participants of other

sports. There can be intense rivalry within chess, but close, lifelong friendships formed away from the board. So where are the queer chess players? I suspect that they're in there, but firmly in the closet. Perhaps the chess society is an example of an oppressive, homophobic, micro-society. Or perhaps it pays no attention to such matters at all, focusing on chess, chess and chess, .... and nothing else. Again, does it really matter? In my experience, the chess world

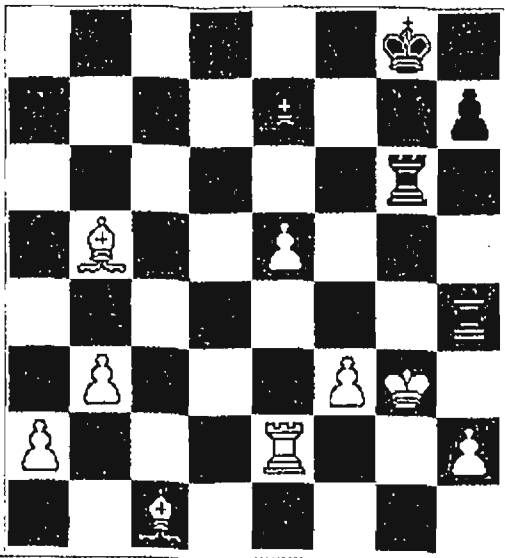
functions through male, cis-gender, hetero-normativity with little to no explicit or implicit regard for sexual preferences. Of course there are occasional outliers, but for the most part, it's a very straight world. And some of the best players, like Magnus Carlsen, are straight as hell. It's the intersection of these two worlds, completely male and hetero-normative, that's the problem. It's not that there's anything wrong with that.

## Australian Masters 2003 Chess World - Melbourne (1), 01-07-2003

(3) **Froehlich,P (2414) - Solomon,S (2372) [E08]**

1.Nf3 d5 2.d4 c6 3.c4 e6 4.Qc2 Nf6 5.g3 Nbd7 6.Bg2 Be7 7.0-0 0-0 8.b3 b5 9.c5 Ne4 10.Nbd2 f5 11.Bb2 a5 12.Ne1 Nxd2 13.Qxd2 e5 14.dxe5 Nxc5 15.Rc1 Bb7 16.Nd3 Ne6 17.e3 c5 18.Nf4 Nxf4 19.gxf4 Qd7 20.Rfd1 Rfd8 21.Rc3 Ra6 22.Rd3 Rg6 23.Kf1 d4 24.f3 b4 25.e4 Ba6 26.Bh3 fxe4 27.Bxd7 Bxd3+ 28.Qxd3 exd3 29.Bb5 Rh6 30.Kg2 d2 31.Rxd2 Rf8 32.Re2 Rxf4 33.Kg3 Rfh4 34.Bc1 Rg6+ 0-1

Till next time,  
Plunkert



In this position, Peter might not be mated, but he sure is screwed, so he resigned.

## COMMON CHESS MYTHS

Of more interest to me is my observation that some chess players appear to be completely asexual. They don't seem interested in sex of any sort, and I seriously wonder whether they even masturbate. These monk-like beings tend to be of the computer geek mould, and have exemplary focus in their chessic pursuits. Having said that, let me point out that only a few chess players out

there look like nerds. Most players look completely normal, albeit with a slightly eccentric demeanour. Some remind me of artists, some of hippies, and some of musicians. I've seen more nerdy types in athletics. The whole chess and sexuality subject was raised recently by Adam Spencer and Wil Anderson on the JJJ Breakfast Show, where Spencer, the perennial champion of maths and chess nerds everywhere delved into the lurid underworld of

(heterosexual) flirtation at school chess tournaments, with good comic effect. Needless to say, Anderson gave lots of witty shit to chess players with his hilarious comments, and I for one loved it! The point is that all is not as serious as some insist. Lighten up nerds, knockers, bullies and hippies. Lighten up people! It's just a game.

Now that I've hopefully dispelled some common myths about chess

people, it's time to return to chess itself. I now give you a game from the recent Australian Masters between Peter Froehlich of Germany and Brisbane boy Stephen Solomon. (For the record, they're both, as far as I know, heterosexual, not that there's anything wrong with that).

# NON SEQUITUR: SEQUENTIAL HORROR

*Chris O'Regan hopes that he will be able to sneak his submission in despite its content, because the editors do so love Latin titles. His interests include repeatedly inserting long footnotes just to annoy everyone, and referring to himself in the third person. No doubt he'd like to consider himself a "culture vulture", but lamentably the hyenas got there first and picked the carcass clean, so he makes do with what he can.*

Recently I've been pondering, in my insufferably pretentious way, about the parlous state of cinema in America. The question I asked myself was: what was the last movie Hollywood released that wasn't (a) a rehash of an earlier movie, (b) a rehash of an earlier book, (c) a rehash of an earlier genre, or (d) featuring at least one actor from Friends? Shockingly, the closest thing I got to a positive was the equally shocking The Fast and The Furious, enough to make anyone ponder that, if there was any justice in the world, Jerry Bruckheimer would be making a living off scraping stuff from the underside of stadium bleachers, rather than repackaging it into box-office winners.

But it seems that the desperately risk-averse big studios only like to go with what they know. So original material is out: everything must be based on either an existing movie, an existing novel, or failing that a well-known time period that can easily be mined for paydirt with the merest scratching of the surface. The latest fad is matchups of existing Just to prove my point, I've taken the desperately unoriginal, gimmicky step of providing previously unseen production notes about proposed pictures soon to be hitting a screen near you. Be warned.

## Root Pi

Studio executives take "by the numbers" productions to a whole new level, when they team up the independent director of the ground-breakingly incomprehensible mathematical thriller pi, Darren Aronofsky, with creators of the incomprehensibly popular American Pie franchise, with the aim of creating an incomprehensibly funny joint sequel. Attracted by the possibility of directing another film whose mathematical function-based title is impossible to reproduce in most newsprint fonts, Aronofsky leaves in disgust upon discovering that the "function humour" promised to him by the American Pie crew wasn't exactly what he had in mind. . .

## Toilet Cubicle

With the success of Phone Booth, (with the riveting premise of a man trapped inside a phone booth for an entire movie), Hollywood has desperately been seeking more excuses to spend minimal amounts of money on scenery. Starring some as-yet unknown overseas actor desperately trying to break into the Hollywood A-list, Toilet Cubicle follows the trials of a man trapped in a public dunny, trying to piece together the pieces of illegible graffiti on the walls, in order to defuse the bomb sitting under the seat. He discovers the bomb has been placed by a zealously homophobic Pine Rivers Shire Council Mayor, who is miffed that her plan to remove toilet doors from their hinges was kyboshed. Eric Bana was pencilled in to star, but he was too busy making Chopper Two: Editing Ken Park, in which, through a hilarious mixup, the notorious Reid gets a job on the Film and Literature Classifications Board.

## A Clockwork Payback

Mel Gibson gets his revenge on those critics and community leaders who panned his controversial film The Passion by enlisting the help of that undisputed master of self-indulgent, over-blown film making, Kevin Costner. Mel straps the critics to special chairs, with their eyelids held open while they are forced to watch continual reruns of Kevin's latest movie. Costner produces, directs and stars in this epic set to a bombastic score of a baseball-playing bodyguard in a post-apocalyptic wasteland, who saves the world from nuclear catastrophe by teaming Robin Hood and Wyatt Earp up to help John Kennedy restart the postal service. Grateful Native Americans erect a giant statue of Kevin in his honour. By the fifteenth hour, the critics are all brain-washed into following Mel's peculiar brand of ultra-conservative Catholicism.

## Van Wilder 2: Iraqi Liason ([raq]D4)

Ryan Reynolds, having spent seven years desperately trying to get elected to the post of Party Liason Officer at an Australian university student union, gives up and instead travels overseas to the swingin'est bachelor party in the world, being held by Uday Hussein. After the party is bombed to the ground by wise-cracking black sidekick/air pilot Will Smith, the two form an unlikely friendship and then go on to battle invading Alien terrorists. Fortunately, the pair are able to infiltrate the Alqaedazoid mother ship, and blow it to smithereens due to the alien computers' lack of rudimentary virus protection software. Notable for Gene Hackman's billionth reprise of the role of "some American military guy".

## The Full Monty Bend it Like a Purely Belter, Brassed-Off Billy Elliot

This British production is still in its early stages, but you can bet it'll include some unhappy, marginalised group of funny-talking British people who do something eccentric or unexpected to distract themselves from the misery of their own lives, only to run into seemingly insurmountable odds, but then overcome them in some sort of mushy, feel-good climax with a stupid song. The biggest hurdle so far is finding some piece of obscure slang that can be used as the title. Set to be the biggest British box-office smash since Snatch Fiction: Ritchie vs. Tarantino.



# Whinge

Cyclists.

They're here, there and everywhere, particularly on a route to uni.

Some are more able than others. Some are racers, some are not, some are just fit little bunny rabbits going for a ride.

But all of them are smaller than cars, all of them are slower than cars, and all of them can very easily be squashed by cars.

I wonder how many cyclists realise this.

Some can average 25 kmph. Some can sprint faster than that down hill with a wind.

Whatever. Can they cruise at 60 with the cars?

No.

Even if they can cruise at 55kmph, that is still not 60. Cars are going to want to over take them. Cars do their duty. They try to share the road - their road. They wait, some times almost having to stop to change lanes to go around the cyclist.

The least you would think cyclists could do, when they come to a side street, is to veer to the left a little while there is room, and let the cars pass. Instead some continually hog a third of the lane at an inferior speed, keeping high the risk of they themselves becoming very temporary road users.

Did I mention cars are bigger than bicycles? Stronger, faster and more stable than bicycles? Not necessarily better than bicycles, but if both want the same bit of road at the same time, the car will win. The driver may end up in jail, but the driver will be alive.

As long as cyclists remember that.

Miss S

A driver who likes to get there

(Preferably without killing anyone along the way)

**Your Questions answered, by Aunty Jan!**

The world contains many mysteries. Why is the sky blue? Why DO birds suddenly appear? And why can't women go to the bathroom by themselves, dammit?

The rules of etiquette have changed dramatically over the last 50 years. Once upon a time it was simple. Outside fork first, respect your elders and stand whenever a lady enters the room.

However, somebody changed the rules without telling us. Who opens the door? Who pays for dinner? When do you have to send a thankyou card? Who gets to decide where the toilet seat goes?

Over the past year, I've been asked a lot of questions about etiquette in the battle of the sexes. So, today I'm devoting a whole issue to them! Hooray! But be warned, if you're game to *read on* you'll discover the *answers* to many of the great mysteries of life, and you'll never look at the world in the same way again...

**1. Why do women always have to take their friends to the bathroom?**

I'll start with this one, since men have pondered this Great Question since the dawn of recorded time. The reason is simple. Have you ever noticed that the lines for the ladies loos are soooo much longer than the *queue for the gents*'?

Women travel to the toilets in groups because they know that they'll probably be in for a long wait when they get there, and they'll need someone to talk to in order to pass the time. If asked, it is very impolite for a woman to refuse to escort another woman on a trip to the loo. This probably started as a safety thing, back in the days when women were not supposed to go wandering off alone in case they fell victim to men with less than noble intentions (or stepped in something nasty – the world before modern sewerage could be a dirty, scary place) Also, it was a good way to make sure that nobody got lost on the journey.

Here's how it works in modern times. First, because we need to rearrange our clothing more than the blokes do, the actual 'bathroom business' takes about three times as long for the girls as it does for the boys. Add to this the fact that we also need more room. None of this squishing three people up to one trough for us! We need one stall each. So, collectively we have fewer resources and each individual needs to use more of them. Thus begins...'the Line'.

Now, one does not want to be bored when one is in 'the Line', so one must bring somebody to talk to. She will often bring someone else to talk to as well, because one does not want to exclude one's friends from any important conversations that may take place. So now there are three people in 'the Line'. Of course, the two 'conversation friends' will also have to stand in 'the Line', and since they've waited all this time, they may as well go too, because otherwise everybody will just have to come back again later and repeat the whole process. (This would be very inefficient, and one cannot have that!)

Once conversations have begun in 'the Line', they cannot be stopped just because the front of the line has been reached. Conversations between women continue from within the stalls, causing distraction from the task at hand and increasing the time needed. Men don't understand this concept. For them it's eyes forward, no talking. It is the height of bad manners to engage another man in deep conversation while standing at the urinal.

By now the line has grown, but it doesn't end there! There's still the epilogue. Now that all the girls in the group have finished in the loos, it's time to head for the sinks. There, hands will be washed, hair combed, makeup reapplied, opinions sought, and gossip continued. The process takes several minutes, and no one may leave until everyone is ready.

So there you have it. The whole thing is just one big vicious circle. Women travel in packs because the lines are long, and the lines are long because women travel in packs.

**2. Where does the toilet seat go?**

While we're on the subject of all things bathroomatical, let's consider the greatest sticking point in inter-gender relations yet created – the toilet seat.

Women believe that it should always be kept down, as the rim is unsightly and should always be covered. Plus, how would you like it if you went to the loo at three in the morning and fell in because some idiot couldn't be bothered putting the seat down.

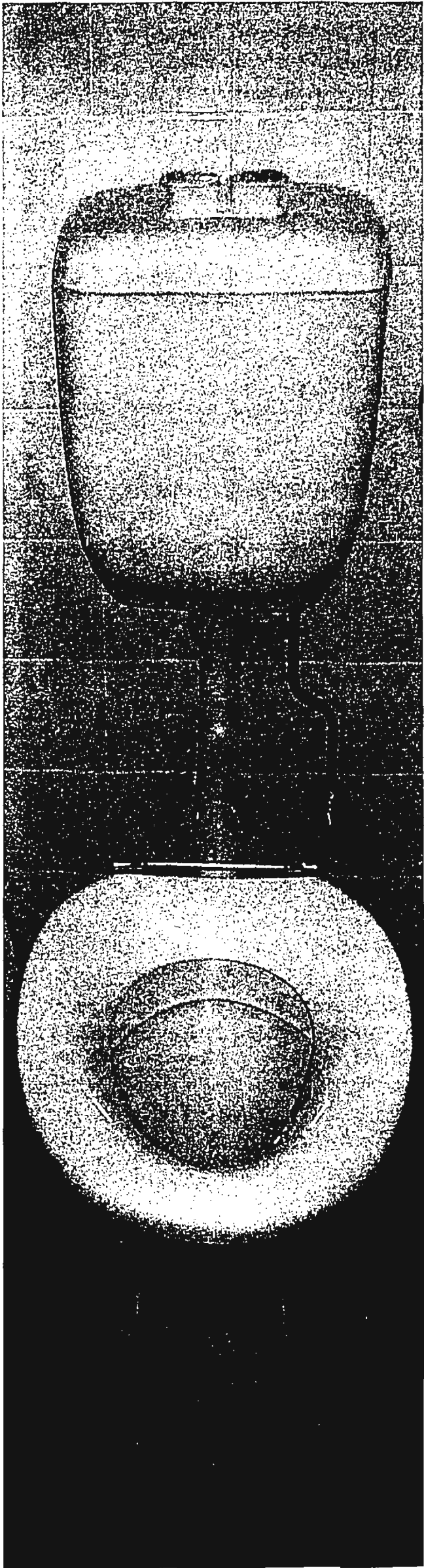
HAPPY  
MODERN  
Aunty Jan



# JAN?

## MANNERS

By Aunty Jan



Men counter with, well we wouldn't fall in because we'd check to see it was there first. We have to sit down sometimes too! And anyway, if we left it down all the time you'd only complain that we pissed on the seat, which by the way is not our fault because our equipment doesn't come with 100% accuracy!

Sigh! The arguments have been the same for generations, and nothing has changed. Modern etiquette dictates that whoever owns the toilet gets to decide where the seat goes. People who use it should return the seat to the position in which they found it. If there is joint ownership of a toilet, and the issue cannot be resolved, a simple compromise is to put the lid down at the end of each visit

No discussion of bathroom etiquette would be complete without resolving the Great Toilet Paper Issue. Who changes it and which way does it face. The first one is easy – whoever finishes the roll MUST replace it. Contrary to popular belief, both men and women are guilty of the great toilet paper crime of leaving an empty roll on the holder (a variation of which includes leaving 2 squares on the roll and not changing it on the grounds that 'it wasn't finished yet').

The second issue is more complex. The pattern on the paper is designed so that is visible when the roll faces forward, however, there is no set etiquette law that states it must do so. People become very attached to having their toilet paper face a certain way. If you are bored at a party, go to the bathroom and reverse the toilet paper roll, then see how long it takes for someone to change it back again! It never takes very long! On the other hand, if you live with someone who persistently refuses to change the empty toilet paper roll, the quickest way to change his or her behaviour is to change the roll yourself, but put it in facing the wrong way. They will soon learn that if they want it to face the right way, they will have to change it themselves.

### 3. When do you have to send a thank-you card?

Once upon a time you had to send cards for everything. These days we are much more slack. A general rule is that you should send thank-you card for big items and formal events (e.g. weddings, engagements, 18th and 21st birthdays, christenings, graduations etc). You should also send thank-you cards to people who would expect to receive them, (e.g. family members, your boss). Think about how you feel when somebody sends you a thankyou card. Even if it's not compulsory, it's still a nice thing to do. If you can't manage a card or a note, then a phone call is always appreciated, especially by family members. It shows that you appreciate them and the thought behind their gift, and if they've mailed it to you, it shows them you've at least received it. For a small thankyou (e.g. to guests who've come to your party), it never hurts to send a group email. If you've been invited to a party, you should always thank the host for inviting you, whether you can attend or not (i.e. RSVP. It is very rude not to reply to an invitation!) and then send a thankyou, either written or by phone after the event itself.

Well, that's it from me! If you have any questions or comments for me, send me an email, care of [semper.union@mailbox.uq.edu.au](mailto:semper.union@mailbox.uq.edu.au). Remember, next issue is my last one, so speak now or forever hold your peace!

### Not Happy Jan!!

Letters from you to me.

Dear Aunty Jan,

Is it true that women wear red lipstick to attract men and that it's meant to look like a vagina? If so, then what is eye shadow for?

S. Daly.

Dear S.,

I've heard this one too. I don't know who started it, but he or she must have very interesting dinner parties! As a health professional, I have seen many vaginas, and none of them look anything like a pair of lips (no teeth, for one thing!). No, women wear lipstick to make their lips stand out and look bigger, but not to make them look like vaginas. Red is nature's "look at me" colour (think of red back spiders, traffic lights and stop signs). It's the same with eyes, eye shadow makes eyes look bigger and more noticeable. The idea is to accentuate your best feature and to make people focus on it. This is why you should only highlight your eyes OR your lips, never both. It makes you look like you're trying too hard otherwise.

PS. As letter of the week, you've won some free Schonell movie tickets. Please come into the semper office to collect them!



# Subject: First the Beanbags, Now the Photocopiers!

(BASTARDISED SEMPER EDIT)

Date: 15th August 2003

From: *Ruphus*

To: *Bruce*

Brace yourself, my friend, for the stately & dignified remnants of our university upbringing – the last bastions of ‘postgrad’! – have been taken away. Of course, an intellect as sharp as yours – honed by years of butting against the unyielding ‘critical’ mass of Post-Colonial & Feminist Bullshit – will no doubt already have discerned the point of this lament. Yes, my old drinking partner (at the bar of pointless gesticulation and unfulfilled promise), the ‘old school’ photocopiers are NO MORE. They’ve faded away, to ignominious non-recognition; gone to meet up with the beanbags in the sky. Doff your hat, brother of mine, and mourn... The photocopy machines are gone!

I’m sure you’ll have no trouble remembering those heady, undergraduate days – way back when we were cooking up a collective quadruple major in English – when Victorian Literature was in fashion, when John Donne’s lecherous goats frolicked in the sun, and when the Undergraduate Library was filled to the docks with photocopy machines (a veritable flotilla of old, grey battleships). They were the sort that you could rely on. Two buttons, my friend, ‘copy’ and ‘reduce’, and an indomitable will to get the job done. These were the grand old gentlemen of photographic reproduction – more than a class above the corporate-manufactured, plastic, day-glow pansies that proliferate the new amalgamated monstrosity – and we developed such an affinity with these sturdy old clunkers that our relationship with them was one almost of symbiosis...

(Hoist the lid just so far that it will bounce back slightly, hover on the point of balance, and begin its descent in timely fashion, ready to be pulled down for a split second & then flipped back up... Yank & upend the book in one motion, turn the page crisply yet with precision, glance at page numbers, and then drop it into position... Hit the button prematurely – have to keep the machine whirring! – check the validity of the previous page copied, and wait for the flash, taking care, of course, not to be overly distracted by the girl working at the adjoining machine, to idly mistake a nearby flash for one’s own, to open the lid of one’s copier in premature & untimely fashion, and hence to blind oneself.)

...Photocopying, in short, is a sophisticated dance of artistry, dexterity & grace, an art to which those beautiful old machines were ideally suited.

I’ve done a lot of photocopying in my time, and I’m not ashamed to admit that I revere the copying machines of yesteryear. Their solid bulk was a comforting presence through the uncertainty of my undergraduate studies, their apparent archaic-ness leant confidence to me during honours, and their unflagging devotion has more than endeared them to me throughout innumerable postgraduate misadventures. Why is this? Simply put, it’s because these majestic old dinosaurs worked! (A trait that, despite its fairly blatant relevance, appears to have been overlooked by those fuckers who’ve come to preside over the University’s copying services.) What I’m looking for when I go to photocopy a 400-page inter-library loan (in blatant contravention of all known copyright laws) is the ability to copy simply & quickly... And this is precisely what the new copiers will not do.

(In case you haven’t had the ‘opportunity’ to become acquainted with these smug, compact little blighters, be warned: they’re total horse-fuckers! They don’t ‘copy’, in the traditional sense of the word; they ‘scan’ and then reproduce. Which is lovely. It’s just not very quick.)

The week being suddenly at an end, and finding myself in temporary possession of a 400-page inter-library loan (due back), I decided to top up the old photocopy card & reapply myself to the exquisite, reproductive art of which I happen to be a master. Arriving at the Ess Ess and Aich, I naturally gravitated towards the good old photocopy machines, and was pleasantly surprised to see that there were three still in existence. Upon closer inspection, however, it became evident that each of these trusty ‘old faithful’s had a jaunty, SORRY! THIS MACHINE IS OUT OF ORDER! sign resting atop its comforting, drab grey lid (you know, where one might expect to find plastered a strongly worded notice about copyright infringement). I surged up the stairs to the next level and found another miner forty-niner, waiting in unattended prospect of excavations to be undertaken. SORRY! a sign proclaimed from atop the mountain of my expectation. THIS MACHINE IS OUT OF ORDER! Frowning in consternation, I nimble-d my way up another flight of steps, ascending to the top level & happening upon an ‘old school’ machine with no warning sign to blemish it. Hurray! But... Hang on... What

the-? There was no card-reader via which to activate the copier! It wasn’t even plugged in! Muttering ill-temperedly, I bit the bullet – albeit momentarily – and set myself to unravel the mysterious, pointless complexity of one of the new-age wonder-copiers. The machine’s spectacular lack of performance soon sent me off on a trek around campus, searching feverishly for a gem from the past; a simple yet endearing plodder of early vintage; a nugget amidst all the fool’s gold!

This mission terminated at the Biol Library, where there was only one ‘old school’ tanker, but upon which someone had at least had the decency to admit to the horrible truth: DUE TO THE UNIVERSITY’S PHOTOCOPIER REPLACEMENT PROGRAM, THIS MACHINE WILL NOT BE REPAIRED OR REACTIVATED. So this was the crux of the matter! The sturdy yet charismatic Type 40s are on their way out. And what are we to be left with? A pitiful gaggle of miniature, digitally operated & ‘enhanced’ horse-fuckers, the likes of which I shudder even to think about. They spit paper out from under their bellies, into an inaccessible cavern, and get this: the pages are upside-down (presumably so that the morons of today can copy something in correct order without having to work from the back of the book). Totally brilliant, so long as you don’t want to take a quarter-second glance at the quality of your print as it slides out. Fuckers! The big green ‘copy’ button only works if you press it in the tiny, ‘sweet spot’ bullseye in its centre (and even then only intermittently and, oh, yes, not if you hit it within half a second of it lighting up as ‘ready’). And you can’t keep the machine ticking over. It will only copy after it completes, pauses, idles, and readies itself once more. SCANNING the possessed Bambi informs me, as it lights up with an evil, glowing green light, and hums its way with laborious proficiency to yet another perfect copy. 100% DONE. READY. Well, good for you, Marty!

There’s just no rhythm to be found lurking anywhere in the soulless guts of these pristine, uppity, try-hard, Barbie-doll, plastic surgery, soap-star, cosmetic counter, shit-boxes. None! It took me upwards of half an hour to jab and curse, grumble and kick my way through a 400-page tome that should have slid on by with casual ease. It’s the photocopying future, brother of mine, and quite frankly, I don’t like it.

# I Enjoy Blowing Smoke At People



I tell you, as long as I live I'll never understand why people get so upset about a bit of nicotine smoke powerfully permeating their head, hair and clothes. The way most non-smokers act, you'd think that having to involuntarily inhale a cloudy concoction of dangerous chemicals was like being force to swallow dog crap or something. Well, I'm here to say, sorry 'society', but I totally enjoy blowing smoke at people!

I mean, forgive me for speaking, but is this a free society or isn't it? Is this a democracy? Because excuse me if I've fallen asleep for the past few years and missed the implementation of some totalitarian regime that forbids choice and liberty. Excuse me if I somehow 'dreamed up' the whole post-Hitler democratic revolution, because for some bizarre reason I was thinking that we were all living in a society that promoted free expression. Stupid me!

Some people like painting. Others like music, or football, or sewing. I happen to like blowing smoke into stranger's faces. Is that so wrong? Of course not. But has anyone ever tried to stop other people from engaging in their hobbies? Exactly. When it comes to little old me, however, a hobby so harmless as exhaling noxious gas into the unwitting faces of bystanders gets the big no-no. Life is so unfair.

Unfortunately, this double standard is something that's relentlessly perpetuated in the media. "Passive smoking kills." "Don't smoke in restaurants or clubs while other patrons are eating." And the Health Ministry is the worst of all. They campaign for the right of non-smokers, but what about the rights of smokers? Why so

hypocritically represent one group while degrading the other? What's wrong, Ms. Patterson - afraid of offending the dominant non-smoking majority by supporting a minority group? Because even minority groups have a voice, and if I choose to chug away on a packet of cigarettes in the comfort of a heavily-peopled, barely-ventilated movie cinema, then that's my choice.

The thing is, society is getting worse and worse about it every day. In the old days every man and his dog puffed away on a cigar, pipe, or cigarette, and no one complained. All the Hollywood stars did it.

But now, something so simple as eating in a restaurant sees me re-allocated to some dank, small, non-smoking section. Is this smokist or what? (Have you ever seen a "People Who Like Volleyball" section? Or a "Stupid People" section?) Any waiter who insists I go off to smoke in some corner like a leper gets exactly what he or she deserves: an eyeball-searing blast of tar, nicotine and carbon monoxide to the face.

So what can we do about all this, my fellow smoke-blowers? Well, I think I have the answer: blow that smoke at the public more than ever before! We have a message to send and we must be heard. Next time you're walking through the city make sure you keep a

mouthful of cigarette smoke on stand-by, and then, when some uppity business woman in clean clothes walks by, blast that smoke into her Pantene-perfect hair! Stride purposefully into your local McDonalds and cough up as much nicotine onto the patron's food as you can. Blow onto sleeping hobos, shop assistants, and lollipop ladies. Trust me, it's the only way people like us can be heard. I now realize that I must be free to get my point across, and if that includes absent-mindedly directing a gust of cigarette smoke into the gurgling face of my six-month old son, then so be it.



# Drinking Games

Karinya Louttit

## 'You don't need alcohol to have fun'

It's a favourite and often sarcastically spouted phrase among university students. Yet (purely from observation) it seems a lot of us go through what could be termed the 'phases of drinking'. Similar to the phases of the moon, it begins with consumption levels starting at a sliver, a couple of beers a night. Slowly one becomes more greedy- drinking one too many, once too often, until finally the phases compound with a huge night where you become so inebriated you're being sick behind the barrier of the Western freeway while a pumpkin-coloured cab waits to whisk you home.

There certainly exists a pattern of alcohol consumption that usually ends with a vow never to drink again, with the process beginning again the following Friday afternoon at the Red Room. So why do we drink so often and so much?

It could be the Aussie way - alcohol is regarded as being culturally significant. Certain types of alcohol denote special occasions; it is used as a social relaxant; and considered by some to be a social evil. Everyone has found alcohol useful to aide in the completion of a pash 'n' dash at the local pub or a visit to the 'out laws'. Particularly for adolescents alcohol is symbolic of adulthood and often experimented with in order to test physical, mental and often parental limits. Among adolescents alcohol is the most prevalent drug used, the most likely to lead to illicit drug use in later life and can retard the acquisition of social and cognitive skills (Scheier & Botvin 1999). But as a drug accepted socially, culturally and legally it is not difficult to imagine where adolescents

attain the desire to experience alcohol. University often becomes a graduation of the binge drinking school of thought with the added legal freedom of turning eighteen.

Unlike other drugs alcohol has proven health benefits when consumed in moderation and therefore suffers less warnings. Smoking for example has no pros despite Mr Marlboro's advice (he died of lung cancer) and current campaigns highlight this. Alcohol warnings are more difficult to convey and harder for the community to swallow. Of course we all enjoy a brew, but how many times do you have one to many? Maybe once a month, according to the phases. In Ryan, Conway and Fairbrother's self reported alcohol use questionnaire almost half of guys who drink and a third of gals stated that binge drinking was 'the norm' (1999). Though it may not be written on the bottle, and one drink won't kill you (or your baby), alcohol can still have a negative effect.

We have been warned against the 'peer pressure' motivations to drink alcohol and have seen the television advertisement of the drunken girl having sex prematurely. Once the teenage stage is over however, consuming alcohol excessively- even once in a while- is more likely to be about depression than elation. It comes from a bad day at the burger shop or a bad assignment mark and though a drink helps you relax at first, it is this positive feeling that causes the body to urge you to drink more. Also ask yourself how you feel about your friends. If you're tired of being paid out by a certain 'friend' getting smashed may be the perfect excuse to tell them how you really feel. Strong social skills have been found to prevent the need to drink to relax (Lashbrook 2000). This sounds stupid because no one considers themselves social apes, and we all sit next to 'friends' in lectures- even if they can't remember your name. But seriously, by drinking excessively and embarrassing yourself a pattern will emerge where alcohol is either

used to cover a lack of confidence or to forget previous behaviour. Social confidence will only emerge with actions that put you in control of a situation. Which means you're not at the point of dancing on the table and propositioning the bouncer. Don't stop drinking, by any means. Just drink less.

The reasons why adolescents drink alcohol vary in regards to class, wealth, family situations and coping strategies (Bellair and Roscigno 2000). Various studies note that it is not heavy users of alcohol that cause high costs for the community but rather moderate users who sustain long term health problems. Social skills are just one aspect of the yard glass that is binge drinking. So forget attaining that promo hat by drinking yourself into oblivion. Don't imbibe to be cooler, you'll probably feel like a complete dag the next day. And if after last night's antics you can't face anyone- don't go hardcore drinking. A game of monopoly with the olds can be a great alternative.

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# Keeping us down.

Back in the 70s, those crazy days of peace, protests and wide spread youth political activism, when uni in Australia was free and for all, the only assessment uni students were subject to were final exams. Sure it was necessary for students to draw on the entire year's syllabus and have their final grade totally dependent on one exam, which are definitely scary thoughts, but just imagine life without progressive assessment. No mid or end of semester exams, no weekly tutorial papers or tute participation marks, no web based discussion pages or quizzes and no research assignments or essays. Think of all the free time they had. Extra drinking time, sure; extra time for experimentation, no doubt; extra time for political thought, definitely.

Those were the days, my friends/They thought they'd never end/They were young and sure to have their way.

They were young, empowered, and sure that they could and would change the world. What a frightening state of affairs for the powers that be. Large groups of young people brought together everyday for classes with so much free time on their hands. Educated and encouraged to challenge society's norms, in a rapidly

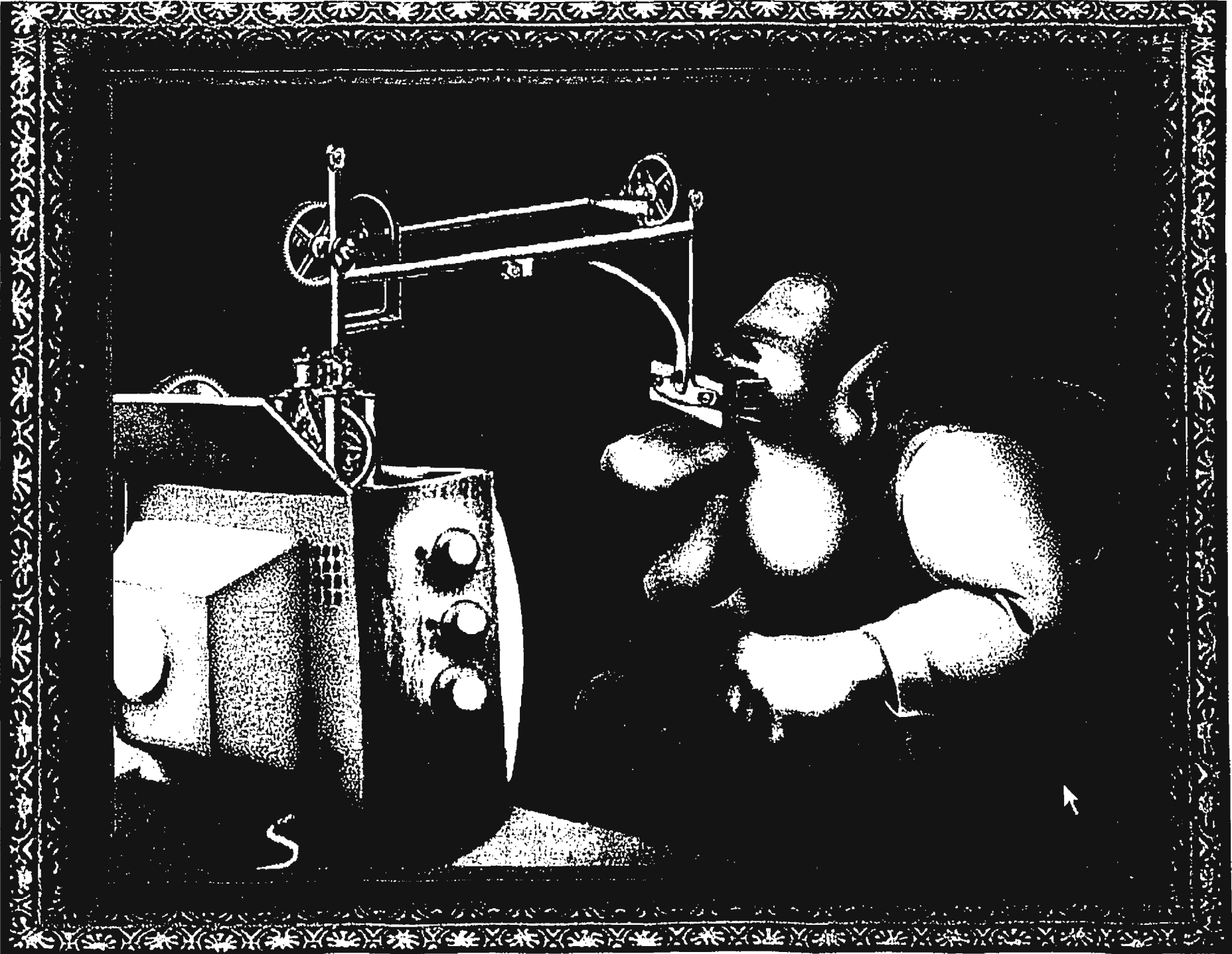
changing social environment this posed an obvious threat to the status quo.

What a different situation it is today, political apathy at record highs and electoral enrolment among young people at all time lows. What better way to silence the voice of youth than to bog us down with progressive assessment? With the constant shadow of assessment it is really little wonder that 'the youth of today' have such a weak political voice.

However there exists another, perhaps more covert, way to keep us down. One, which I must admit, is more effective on me than constant assessment (uni/shmooni is all I have to say). It is the conspiracy to put great television drama shows on late at night. Shows like *Six Feet Under*, *The Sopranos*, *Buffy*, *Futurama*, *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, *The West Wing*, all screened by Channels 7 and 9 at 10.30pm on various nights of the weeks and a particular favourite of mine *Freaks and Geeks* being shown at 3am by Channel 9. Maybe you don't think these are particularly great shows, but maybe you just go to bed too early to be able to get watch them. Either way the fact is that- all these are shown in prime time in the US.

Why is that the 7 and 9 networks choose to screen these shows so late? Is it that they do not value the late teen/20 something demographic? Perhaps. Or is the reason behind these programming choices much more sinister? Is it that maybe television isn't the opiate of the masses as is so often claimed? Perhaps the greatest opiate of the masses is sleep deprivation. With so many great shows being on so late and so many pieces of assessment being due, it is a real wonder that uni students have any time to sleep. With the student masses being the most damaging to the status quo the higher education powers along with Kerry Packer and Kerry Stokes have conspired to keep us, the students, behaving and conforming, by screening great TV shows that appeal to our demographic, late at night and by dosing us up with constant assessment. With all the sleep deprivation I would not be surprised if energy drink manufacturers were also in on the conspiracy, to make sure we never properly rested. Sleep deprivation, not only is it recognized by Amnesty International as a form of cruel and unusual punishment, it is the opiate of the student masses.

Kirsten Mort



Q U E E R E D I T I O N

UQ  
union



Hipster

Freedom

David Hill



I always thought that the fashion industry was evil. How wrong could I be?

I see now that they have brought equality into the lives of young women, not known since the free and easy days of punks and hippies in the 1970's.

That great Australian trademark, the "yobbo crack", "brickie's part" or "plumber's crack" is now not just the exclusive domain of the working class Aussie bloke. With the introduction of hipster jeans, the female of our species can now elevate themselves to experience this fashion pinnacle, once only enjoyed by males.

Yet again history has been made as women have claimed the right to expose the cleavage of their back bosoms in public, just as males have done for decades before them.

First came women's right to vote early last century; then in the sixties came the abolition of the marriage ban that allowed employers to sack women once they were married; in the seventies the introduction of no fault divorce; and now, the final victory for the equality of women in Australian society, as they expose the tops of their bottoms in shopping centres, class rooms, and restaurants everywhere.

Of course, for men now there is the slight confusion and uneasiness of where to look when confronted with a fellow student's hind-quarters, but this is a small price to pay for equality.

The fact that everywhere you look as you stroll innocently down the aisle to leave a tutorial, or right in front of you as you sit comfortably at the back of the lecture theatre, are exposed bottoms and panties, should not stop us from embracing this step forward in social freedom. Women have the right to show off their crevices and curves just the same as men do, and if that means social discomfort and awkwardness, then so be it.

So girls, if you catch someone looking at your "belt-line", or staring at that part that not even you get to see in private, take heart. Remember you are fighting for the rights of women everywhere.

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# Will DVD Kill the Writer Star?

Simon Drake

We are all consumers and we allocate a value to what we will spend on entertainment. This value is dependant on a consumer's disposable income and their time available not working to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The majority that earns nothing, who have all the free time in the world, hardly have all the more money in the world to lavish on this time.

Many of the millions of people ingrained in modern day slavery (9-5ers, I too am shackled) and it's cousin consumerism, prefer to spend their leisure money on the latest form of entertainment as a means of escapism. Thanks to technological advance, times have changed and escapism in the new world can displace the escapisms of the old.

I bring these assumptions to light because of one reason; as a self-published writer I want more people to buy more books, but not just any book, real books that promote thought and excite our imaginative lobes, rather than suppress thought with the merriment of second-rate, mundane realms.

For those who have decided to purchase to be entertained and wander the contemporary marketplace there is an abundance of overpriced or bargain-binned products to spend their dollars on. Of all the options, and there are mountains of crap on sale each and every day. I see the DVD as potentially the greatest threat to the hip-pocket that writers once had sole access to.

I like the DVD. It's the logical byproduct of video content, the interactivity offered by computers, and the established and trusted CD format. With a DVD you can choose a different (though not any) language to accompany your home entertainment. A DVD is versatile and can be played on multiple platforms; laptops, computers, cars, and, don't ask me why, on huge refrigerators. In time the shiny DVD will only become smaller in size, highly portable, and soon replaced by bytes zapping through the air to your handheld screen. The initial attraction of the DVD was the new options available for movie creators. Once, movies were released under the constraints of producers who wished to satisfy the common-denominator audience with a one-size-fits-all movie. You liked it, hated it, and probable still paid for it, and then with more and more movies hitting the market, you could decide who to pass your money on to. With a DVD, a director can release their 'creative cut', delivering a much more personal experience. Viewing time can wane between 90 minutes of proven script formula to 3 hours of roller-coaster film noir frolicking. As an audience, we're closer to what the 'creatives' envisaged.

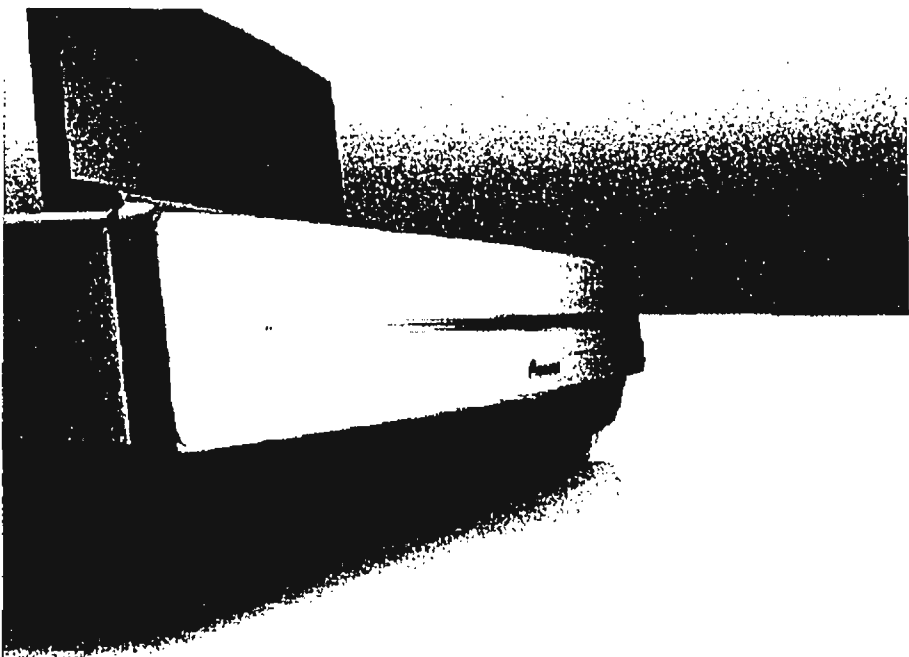
The outcome is that the on-the-couch audience bored with common-denominator entertainment now sit up straight and take in the same entertainment, recycled, as a longer, hipper, and enhanced with surround-sound, DVD. What people do in their own living room is of no concern to me except that their hip-pockets and wallets create detriment for the other creators of worthy entertainment. A re-released Hollywood movie, written once by an author and then 'forumulised' by a script writer, filmed with a few brand-name stars to compliment the now mass-market storyline, plus the option of the director's 'visionary' ending, is selling as a DVD for \$45. A good book, by an unknown author whispering for an audience from under a tonne of well branded authors and re-released 'classics', can't even make it to the shelf. The fiscal justification is sales. We are a sales driven society. If it

don't sell well, we won't sell it for long. But new DVDs and new DVDs of old movies, apart from being a competitor for current books and books that could possible be, are sold in and away from the usual entertainment retail sector. An electrical store will sell DVD players and thus DVD movies while a bookshelf seller won't sell books. Ikea doesn't sell DVDs, but music stores do.

The greatest threat to the writer is that the DVD has gained greater access to the 'impulse-spender' or the 'gift-buyer'. To get a customer into a book store, they have to want to buy a book, or wander in because they love reading. There, thanks to snazzy covers dictated by a publishing house marketing department, intelligent reviews, reviews prepaid by interested parties, and the last realm of consumer thought - word of mouth - books sell themselves. But wander into a HiFi, Electronics, Music, Book, Games or any leisure store and the hapless consumer armed with a credit-card and an itch for retail therapy has to consciously fight off the 'DVD impulse buy'. A DVD makes an easy gift. Here, have 90 minutes of hyped movie, repackaged, and if you don't like it, it's only 90 minutes you had to witness, rather than the 50 hours spent reading a book.

By now you may be sitting straight, then slumping forward, cringing at me. Why can't I just roll with the flows? Write for film! I have tried. I have been taken for rides by the glow of my praised film scripts and 'green light concepts' and seen how the same story fails to gain the momentum to impress those who have to come up with the production money, reasons varying. From this I have come to the conclusion: It takes \$10,000,000 to make a movie and as little as \$1000 to publish a book. And, when it comes to creative control, the author is it. They decide the story, the characters, the layers, the tone, the setting and the ending. The author delivers uninterrupted thought crafted as a story. Their ability is judged not by physical pleasantries, the capacity to merchandise on their story, or if it reminds the audience of an existing and branded story from three months ago. The author is judged by their ability to communicate in a thousand different ways the wetness of a first kiss or the dryness of paralytic vomiting. And what about the audience who has to endure the creations of others? Is it not their choice to buy a DVD rather than a book? Is it presumptuous to behave like government lawmakers and act in the righteous belief that people can't think for themselves? Or, is it that the audiences' too easily perceived pitiful attention span is not to blame, but the writer in the modern age, unable to compete with the glow of the DVD?

There lies the solution. If the DVD is posing a threat, and mind you it's not the technology, but rather the repackaging of the video of the movie that was mass-marketed to death, it's up to writers to break through to their audience with a greater realm of escapism that a movie studio, plastic characters and a special effects unit can create. Now that it's stated that writers shall write in pace with the subliminal expectation of the audience, to keep the bargain, it's also up to the audience to think before they buy.



# 10 things I hate about teens

R Rogers

I should be over it by now. I'm a grown man. Sort of. 20 years old. Old enough to drink, even if I have to show two forms of ID because I look about as old as my little brother. And yet still I face my fear every afternoon and come out of it a blubbering mess.

I start Uni at 4 on Mondays, hungover. I catch the bus at 3 and arrive at Indro bus station about half an hour later. And there I am confronted with a seething ocean of hormones known as "teenagers". They're everywhere. Everywhere you look, their noise surrounds you. The hair wax dripping onto the payment. The over-applied makeup keeping Revlon and Sarah Michelle Gellar in business.

You try to get to the shopping plaza but it takes hours just pushing past these moody, indignant creatures. I say creatures, because they cannot possibly be human. As I ask politely if I can get through, one manages to distract herself from her *all-important discussion of Big Brother* just long enough to pass me a cursory glance and move in far enough so that there's room for Calista Flockhart to narrowly squeeze through.

"Oops sorry" I say as my bag full of textbooks on Ancient Greece smacks some young girl I hadn't seen in the head. Sorry indeed.

The noise is so loud my ears are ringing. The squeaks of voices breaking, modulating from the range of a soprano down to that of a *baritone and bouncing back up and down* as they talk. The whiney screech of young girls bitching about their bestest friends. As I breathe in, the air is thick with testosterone and hormones that choke me. Pimples pop open and splatter all over my face.

I overhear a conversation about Seinfeld last night

"That was so funny with Kramer's bro!"

"Oh yeah that was a great episode" I turn around and interject. "I remember it well. One of my favourite episodes. I remember when it first came on the telly about 7 years ago, I'd have been about 15, it's still just as classic today", I happily tell them.

I realise that I would have been their age when that episode was new. *One bright spark* asks me if I have left my walking stick at home. One girl wearing a World Vision shirt kindly offers to help me across the street. She looks barely old enough to perform the task herself without holding her Mummy's hand.

I escape to another part of the crowd where I might go unnoticed. Yes, blending into the crowd. Remember when that was all you wanted to do. Yet at the same time you desperately wanted to be noticed and to be different. The age when you followed all the fashions of people who proclaimed their

difference.

I notice a fellow Uni student. I can identify her as a Uni student from her Good News Week shirt. You see, she's old enough to have actually seen Good News Week. I introduce myself. She's from QUT, but today, we two sworn enemies share a common bond: The fight for aged rights. I strike up conversation:

"These bloody teenagers! I saw some kids shoplifting the other day and they were just brazenly putting the stuff into their bags. In my day we came up with a plan! We worked out where the security cameras were. We took note of what time the security guards changed over for lunch. Now they don't even care. They just walk in and steal."

"It's no wonder they're stealing either. I tell ya, the price of things these days! FORTY cents for a Macca's soft serve! When I was a kid, the thirty cent soft serve was practically an institution."

"And the drinks they sell them! Whatever happened to a good ol cuppa coffee when you're tired? Now they have these Red Bull and Red Eye drinks. Next thing you know they'll be putting ecstasy and speed in the softdrinks. Amphe:amines free with your purchase of a Kermit the Frog doll!"

"But they don't even have The Muppets on telly anymore! No wonder the world's in such a state, kids aren't even getting a proper childhood without Kermie and Miss Piggy. What kind of a society are we living in when kids don't grow up on the Muppets?"

"Speaking of television, the other day I told my younger brother I was going off to the bank. And he asked me "which bank?". So of course I replied "No not Commonwealth, I'm going to Westpac". He looked at me like I was from Mars. I had to explain to him it was this ad that used to be on telly years ago and it had..."

"And their music! Absolute nonsense lyrics, in our day lyrics meant something! I mean take Delta Goodrem: Born to Try? Most of these kids seem to be born to bludge off! Whatever happened to working at Uni?"

"I know! In my first year at Uni, tutes ended 5 minutes before the end. Then last year it became 10 minutes. This week I had a tute finish a full quarter of an hour early! And no one does the readings so you can't get any benefit from tutes. Honestly I don't know why I even bother!"

"Terrible"

"Terrible"

I'm rather uncomfortable sitting on this bench because I'm squashed in by two young people who are conducting an experiment to see how far they can stick their tongues down each other's throats without depriving the other of breath. The boy is trying to get his first grope and is fumbling around under her jumper trying to comprehend the complex design of the bra

strap hooks. A puzzled look goes across his face (Unlike the girl, his eyes are open. Apparently this means she's in love and he just wants sex. And yet he seems such a caring, sensitive type as he fondles about) as he struggles to understand that he will have to pull the device tighter in order to eventually undo it. He looks at me with a pleading look, as if to say "Can you help me? You've done this before, what do I do? Unfurl your wisdom". I think it's best if he learns how to do this on his own. My lesson was that bus stops are not the best place to perform such complex operations.

In front of me a girl in a tight shirt that reads "Advice to girls: Don't wear tight shirts with writing on them, they only give boys an excuse to look at your breasts" demonstrates that she has studied the Dolly Ten Step Guide to Flirting all last night instead of her assignment. As she converses with the boy (who is indeed staring at her breasts), she flicks her hair, laughs at all his jokes (have you noticed that teenagers' jokes are all South Park quotes? In my day it was Simpsons quotes), lightly touches his elbow, and even remembers to cock her head to one side.

"Ahh isn't it wonderful to be young and in love" my QUT friend remarks, looking at them.

Excuse me while I vomit. These kids know as much about love as I do about astrophysics. I smile politely in agreement with the freak from QUT.

Behind me a girl with one breast the size of a watermelon and the other the size of a pea struggles to pull down her singlet top over her belly button. Apparently she hadn't realised when she got dressed this morning that her midriff top would reveal so much skin. (You mean a midriff top bares your midriff!?). Her jeans are so low that I wonder why she even bothered. I'm sure if she hadn't she'd probably be a lot more popular.

Eventually it takes so long trying to get to the plaza that I have missed my lecture and have to go home. I decide to write it all down for Semper.

As I sit here at my computer the effects of ageing are showing. I can slowly feel the wrinkles crawl across my face. Deep crevices form upon my forehead. The curve in my back slowly forms a hump. The colour drains from my hair and falls in a brown puddle on the floor. My teeth turn a skanky yellow and pitter patter as they drop out of my mouth onto the desk. The lenses of my glasses are thicker than George Bush. Yes, I have to face it I'm an old bastard. And to be honest I'm getting rather tired. It's already 7:30pm. What a day!





# I Have A Complete And Total Lack Of Interest In You



- Jason Carter

Hey, how's it going, Colin? Good? Oh, that's nice. Well – to be honest, I don't give a shit really. As a matter of fact of all the people in my large circle of acquaintances, you're the one I give the least shit about. Come to think of it, I have a complete and total lack of interest in you.

It's not that I find you unbearable or even mildly annoying. As a matter of fact, when I look over at your familiar yet unexciting face I can't even muster up a vague feeling of dislike or like. When we all get together for some social event like this, it's all I can do to muster the strength to look in your direction and throw out some kind of stilted, superficial banter just so the rest of our friends don't realize how little I care about you.

Apparently I met you back at Jason's Christmas party in 1999, or at least that's what Jason tells me. I can't really remember being there at all, so I'm sure that that party conversation, like most of our communications, must have been a complete ripper. Let me see – Colin, Colin... I have a vague memory of the person who was Susan's date at Jason's wedding – that might have been you. *I remember an indistinct, faded person who didn't interest me in the slightest*, and since I take an active interest in most people I meet I assume this must have been you.

It's not that I disdain your personality, your looks, your beliefs, or anything about you really – actually, I can't quite put my finger on my total inability to recognize you as a person. I guess it's just that, well, if I had to line up thirty or so of my acquaintances, and maybe even threw in twenty or so people from off the street, you'd be the last person I'd choose to voluntarily engage with. Seeing that our conversations spanning over several social events amount to no more than one hundred words, I'm guessing that the feeling (or lack of it) is mutual.

It's taken me about four years to even notice that our connection is non-existent, not that I really care. But, hey, look, I'm sure you're a nice person and all. It's just that when I think about you, the chemistry is just not there. But don't worry. Next time we're standing next to each other at some future party, I'll make some lame joke about the hors de oeuvres or something, just so we can get the necessary chit-chat out of the way.



Australian Red Cross



Drug and alcohol use by young people is on the increase with more and more designer drugs hitting the market. According to DRUG ARM, illicit drug abuse accounts for 34 percent of deaths in the 15 - 34 age group. At any given time 16,900 Australians are receiving services for drug and alcohol abuse. Many young people experiment with drugs and nothing goes wrong, but what happens when it does go wrong? Would you know what to do if someone overdosed?

Save A Mate is an Australian Red Cross community health, peer education service that addresses the consequences of drug and alcohol use by young people, concentrating primarily on drug overdose and strategies to address this life-threatening occurrence.

We are currently seeking energetic individuals to be part of a team of volunteers aged 18-25 years to deliver drug and alcohol awareness and teach young people how to administer Expired Air Resuscitation (EAR) and Cardio Pulmonary Resuscitation (CPR) in substance related emergencies. All training sessions are conducted in High Schools and Youth Venues.

The program isn't a miracle solution for drug use, but it does involve young people reaching out to other young people to provide practical information and skills that make a difference. Save A Mate is a great program, but it doesn't work without dedicated volunteers to train young people.

You do not need to have a training or first aid background to become a Peer Trainer,

as all training will be provided free of charge by Australian Red Cross.

Benefits of becoming a Save A Mate Peer Trainer include accredited training, delivering the program to diverse groups of young people, public speaking skills, leadership skills, first aid training and the chance to really make a difference and save lives.

At this time of the year, when university and high school exams loom and the upcoming party season tempts, the potential for stress and increased drug use is high for all young people.

To become part of the Save A Mate program or to find out more about being a Peer Trainer, please contact the SAM Coordinator on 1300 55 44 19 or email [saveamate@qld.redcross.org.au](mailto:saveamate@qld.redcross.org.au)

PET SHOP BOYS:  
Some Heartaches  
You Just Can't  
Dance Away

Donovan Ellem



In the late-eighties and early-nineties the British pop duo Pet Shop Boys were metaphorically speaking an island of reality in an ocean of diarrhoea. From the outset, it was obvious there was something that distinguished Pet Shop Boys from the plethora of other teen bands. Indeed, Pet Shop boys is a 'pop group' that not only has danceable music and a unique image; but also, their lyrics set them apart from the 'banal tripe' that usually accompanies pop music.

While, like most pop music, love and sex permeates much of the Pet Shop Boys' music, the themes Pet Shop Boys deal with are many and varied. Unlike most 'teen bands' both Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe were university educated, Tennant having taken a degree majoring in history, and Lowe studying architecture. They were also more mature than most pop artists. Stock/Aitken/Waterman's Pete Waterman said once that: 'if a girl's got blue eyes, sing about that, not her politics'. Tennant on the other hand believes you should sing about both. Tennant explains that 'when people say disco music has crap lyrics....it does. But rock music has crap lyrics, and the idea of the PSB was to have disco music with introspective lyrics, political lyrics' - thinking persons pop.

But then again, what is wrong with 'banal' lyrics in pop music anyway? This is a question Tennant/Lowe have mused over for many years. Love is of course the subject for an overwhelming number of pop songs, yet in many case the lyrics are banal, yet love is the most inexplicable concept – overwhelming and indefinable. Pet Shop Boys have addressed this issue on numerous occasions, and have admitted that one of their favourite records is Kylie Minogue's *I should be so lucky*. In an interview Lowe, declaring his love of the song said... 'I like the bit where she goes "I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I should be so lucky" and I just love the line "I should be so lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky". If that's banal, it's a strength. It's just a mark of pure genius.'. *Tennant*

agrees that this most basic human urge is a worthy subject for pop music: 'Possessions are meaningless, love is everything, and every one in the world has the same aspirations – It doesn't really matter who they are, every one wants love, to have a sense of security at the same time as to be loved'.

However Pet Shop Boys in most cases write intelligent love songs, self-pitying, sometimes with a hint of irony or sarcasm. Their intensely romantic Love come quickly, about the overwhelming emotions that accompany the inevitable and unstoppable nature of love that eventually finds everyone, is a positively optimistic song, yet Pet Shop Boys ironically make it sound sad. Yet Always on my mind, with depressively sad lyrics, sounds inspirationally happy, as does the cover version they did with Liza Minnelli, Losing my mind. Both demonstrate the contradictory nature of love, what the Pet Shop Boys call the double-edged sword. Lowe admits, and Tennant agrees that 'The worst thing about love is when you're in it'. As Heath notes 'it's a far more realistic reflection of how life is lived – you dance to shake off sadness, and you wallow when your happy, because wallowing is one of the luxuries happiness allows'.

Nevertheless Pet Shop Boys have released songs about love that lyrically border on the banal. PSB single Heart, with the lyrics Every time I see you/Something happens to me/Like a chain reaction/Between you and me/My Heart starts missing a beat/My heart starts missing a beat/Every time, was criticised for its apparent banality. Indeed the lyrics are, like many love songs banal, but as Tennant notes they are totally sincere. When one is in love, it all can become incomprehensible – with questions such as: why do I feel like this?; why do I, with absolutely unlimited subjective emotional confidence (coupled with a total lack of rational objectivity), adore this person so much?; why can I not control such all-embracing emotions? Therefore it is hardly surprising it dominates pop lyrics. After all it

effects everybody regardless of either race, colour, creed. Sexual desire and moreover the longing to be adored and loved, are amongst the greatest urges humans experience. Although with trademark ubiquitous irony, Tennant later claimed that the lyrics of *Heart* were 'quite corny'.

As Heath points out, people who make and listen to dance music understand that 'the most rigid rhythms offer the widest, freest backdrop for extreme emotion'. The feelings accompanying meeting someone with whom you can feel totally amazed to be with, or the first kiss or embrace with someone who you know will change your life, is an intense experience that only the emotional intensity of music can make tangible, but not quite. A good pop/dance/disco record is, as Frith points out, 'the sound of the unobtainable, time turned back on itself in an eternal loop'. A good pop record makes one feel that they are in perfect love, that one has somehow attained the unobtainable, an everlasting love, yet like most love it must come to an end, and usually a pop song lasts only three and a half minutes, and then the passion and joy is gone. Heart is an unusually happy love song. Usually the Pet Shop Boys love songs are utterly depressive.

The link between sex and money, love and materialism, is a common Pet Shop Boys' theme, which is epitomised in their electro-ballad Rent. Rent also deals with compromise in relationships an issue Tennant addressed while talking about Why don't we live together: 'If you will never find someone who you are totally in love with, who you are intellectually compatible with, physically compatible with, never going to get bored with sexually, is incredibly good looking – if your not going to find that person then your probably going to settle for the person who you're use to'. Being in a relationship and/or deciding to live/stay with someone who is not an ideal partner, but better than nothing, is fully epitomised in numerous Pet Shop Boys' songs, demonstrating that they recognise that

falling for the wrong person for the wrong reasons, and staying with them while knowing this, deprives many of finding their perfect love. The 'it may not be perfect but it's not that bad', better the devil you know, even if the other devil is better, scenario - of remaining in such doomed relationship – and the pain such a situation causes to all parties involved is the subject of numerous Pet Shop Boys' songs.

Compromise, the tragedy of staying or living with someone for personal convenience and security (rather than for love), and the self-destructive consequences of continuing such a façade in the absence of true love, is explored in other Pet Shop Boys' records such as So sorry, I said, Jealousy, I don't know what you want but I can't give it any more and So hard. For Pet Shop Boys deciding to live with someone, which is an extremely serious decision, on a whim – flippantly - for reasons of circumstance and convenience rather than true love, is a recipe for personal and emotional disaster. Most people decide to live together for the wrong reasons. The giddy excitement, that accompanies the early stages of any relationships, fosters the false ideal that being constantly together, or moreover, believing that such a situation will some how 'consummate' or 'justify' the relationship (which in most cases is superficial and shallow), precipitates many couples deciding to co-habitat. Not surprisingly most such affairs end in utter and complete failure, pain and heartache for both parties. But as Tennant sung: Everybody's got to live together/Just to find a little piece of mind. The self-realisation of being in such a situation and the desire to escape such an unfulfilling circumstance, which surely causes the end of many relationships, is vividly portrayed in numerous Pet Shop Boys video clips, by women leaving their partners for other men (Jealousy, Rent, So hard and Heart).

The song Domino dancing deals with the dilemma of loving someone who is so 'incredibly good looking' that it is impossible to trust them. People who literally have people falling at their feet like Dominoes, and consciously use their obvious sexual attraction and beauty to manipulate others and achieve their goals, and the pain this causes, not only to their partners (who they are ostensibly meant to be in love with), but to people who initially thought their attention

was genuine. Even though they may be in a semi-permanent, permanent or de facto relationship, these superficially 'attractive' yet essentially 'shallow' people narcissistically flirt with, tease and court other people, for personal aggrandisement, or as some sort of game. In the middle of the song Tennant poses the rhetorical question to such people: Do you play to win/Or are you just a bad loser? People so insecure about themselves, or their current relationship, that they feel the need to make still more people desire them, and in turn make others emotionally suffer, is the concept developed in both the song and the accompanying promotional video of Domino dancing. The ultimately self-destructive nature of such behaviour is poignantly illustrated at the end of the promo video, when the girl who has courted and then rejected numerous men, ends up alone, walking through a deserted graveyard, crying, with her head buried in a bunch of flowers. Not only has she hurt the person/s who believed her attention was genuine, furthermore her promiscuous and deceitful behaviour has ultimately destroyed any meaningful relationship she had with either her partner or the people she has manipulated.

Pet Shop Boys also deal with people being discreet and secretive about personal sexual relationships (In Private and Confidential), sexual attraction (We all feel better in the dark) and rejection (What have I done to deserve this?) and about the pain and emotional distress of being stood up by someone you adore and love (That's my impression). In fact, the desperation and paranoia of unrequited love is a recurring Pet Shop Boys' theme - the desire to be loved by someone who is oblivious to your feelings, being in love with someone who is not in love with you, loving someone who is with someone else and loving someone more than they love you – reflected in songs such as One in a million, To face the truth, For your own good, One more chance, etc. - and the pain such perception of deception facilitates, runs throughout many Pet Shop Boys' songs.

It seems that all the Pet Shop Boys theorising and postulating of the nature of love leads one to the same conclusion, which is epitomised in their song titled - Love is a catastrophe.



Q U E E R E D I T I O N

## The Axe

The steel blade

cut deep into the wood

watched by

pensive ravens

perched high

on leafless branches

under which

I laboured

burdened by the thoughts

of motorbike repairs

and a girlfriend's

promise of a good time.

While Raul, the farmhand,

cursed the monotony

of rye bread or

the empty tobacco pouch

claiming he'd be better off

dead and buried.

Thus he went

reciting his discontent

until I seized him by the collar

and shoved his thin neck

on the chopping log.

But he wriggled free

and ran to the village

screaming like a chicken.



UQ  
union

# ODE TO A GRECIAN URN

ANDREW TURNER



*Immortal Age beside immortal youth and all I was in ashes*

Tithonus

-Alfred, Lord Tennyson. /

MICHAEL Gow has been artistic director of the QTC for over 4 years now. In this time he has transformed a tired and staid pro-establishment organisation with a provoking intensity. By ensuring an approachable and energetic repertoire, he has made the theatre a magical hall-of-mirrors once more and has continually contributed to the cultural agenda.

This achievement cannot be understated. Brisbane has a reputation as culturally AWOL-where HULK by Ang Lee is allegedly highbrow. Coupled with the myriad of stimuli that we are bombarded with, makes the challenge of getting bums on seats a challenge by anyone's estimation. Consider the range of entertainment opportunities we have- pay-TV, downloading a film via broadband and the accessibility and acceptance of DVD technology just to name a few.

Admittedly, our 14-25 demographic is the quickest to take up new technologies. Conversely, this demographic is the most skeptical to submit to traditional mediums of entertainment, especially opera, classical music and theatre. And establishment theatre throughout history has always been aligned with tertiary educated and affluent bourgeoisie left-leaning professionals. So, in Brisbane, you can appreciate how small the QTC's target audience is.

However, I commend the Gow in his choice of the 2003 subscription season. The current performance is a neo-classical Phreadra it's as relevant and stinging as it was five-thousand years ago in classic Athens. I commend you to the Brisbane Powerhouse to expose yourself, challenge yourself and lubricate your mind against the saccharine trash that is available through most dull and pointless pursuits.

Classic 'golden-age' Greek tragedy has an unique rhythm that is not by any definition strained or foreign. It's locus in the roots of our Western civilisation and deals with the most extreme personifications of eternal struggles against passion and the evils of narcissism. In this play death and love is the breathe of life. And anger, hatred, envy flows through their blood like a dangerous, unspoken poison.

An ideal two hour traffic of the stage.

Gow is the director of this seminal piece. He has uploaded the sombre mood to the age of acid jazz and heavy shiraz. An eternal clash between pungent black and metallic platinum. The tension is palpable and resonates across

this very-suitable shell of a venue. The Brisbane Powerhouse is the setting for a conventional head spliced with a radical and pulsating heart. There is an uneasy mood that's distrustful and suspicious. The ability to be arrested and enraptured for two hours is a testimony to the forward thinking, progressive focus of this company.

Because, as a 23 year old boy, I have the attention span of a fruit fly.

MICHAEL has established an international reputation for Australian drama, especially with his works, Away, Sweet Phoebe and Europe. Indeed, it seems these works are perennial staples in the Australian theatrical cannon. Every year sees at least two productions of Away, with an earlier one at Sydney's avente guard Malthouse last month. This is why Michael's work are so popular, they lend themselves to a varied interpretation, but never fail to touch a raw nerve with the collective Australian experience. Audiences love the melody that infuses from the stage with his earlier pieces.

I must confess that I was first introduced to Gow's iconic piece Away while studying it in year 11 and didn't really get the point of it. It meandered and I thought it was a convoluted and unnecessarily artsy wank. It was not until I saw it performed by La Boite that the raw intensity of the Australianess (although I hate the Dead White Male-ness that word inspires) that really brought a solitary to the audience's collective experience.

And while Michael is a respected operatic and theatrical director, he has found establishing himself free from the connotations of his earlier work to be onerous. Does he want to be free from the shackles of his earlier reputation? I suppose the contradiction with any artist is their obligation to push ahead into unprecedented territory without becoming comfortable by resting on the laurels of the awards and the price of flesh. The task is to be fresh and crisp but to remember the grit, the passion and the humility of the bad coffee and cigarettes that line any inception.

Michael was offered the not-so-approachable audience of Brisbane in 1999. Brisbane is where the national party reigned forever it seems and is as conservative as it comes. What has transpired in the past five years is a phoenix arising from the ashes. Brisbane has gone through an internationalisation.

I don't wish to overstate the point nor am I proposing that Brisbane can sit with Rome, Glasgow and Shanghai as a metropolis that sets the agenda. But we proud Brisbanites have a raw paradox – an elixir as strong as the sweat in the February humidity. At least allow me to say the few of us privileged enough to gain an exposure to tertiary education. We can dabble in theatrical worlds while laughing self-sufficiently about at the interstate aspirational trash at Bryon or Noosa,

The paradox is we can laugh at the contestants on the Block, while dreaming of being one. Scharnefrauer allows us to seethe with envy at 20-year olds who have bigger and firmer breasts/ pecs /delete where applicable, but at the same time wanting to be them, or have sex with them. We are the generation Y, or the post-structural generation generation. We are highly intelligent, erudite and learned but find any one deliberately educating us smacking of trying too hard. I have grown up with Homer Simpson playing a more legitimate father in my life since I started watching it on the ten network in 1991. What kind of audience are we?

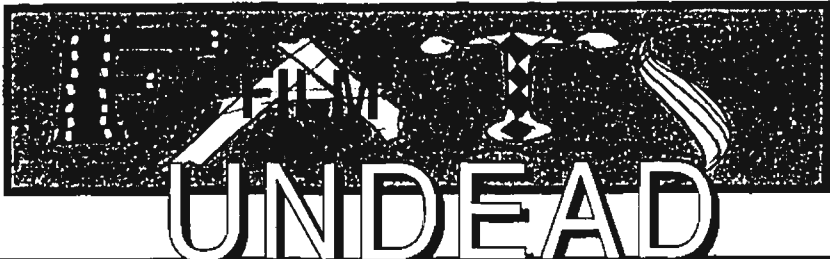
PHEDRA handles the universality of the human condition with a precision and finesse. Recall Oedipus, where the insurmountably of our decisions blinds us, both methophrically and literally in Oedipus' case, to our potential. Racine's drama is of passion overpowering reason. Recall Dostoevsky where the overwhelming evil of Raskolnikov can only be repressed but never exhausted. These texts are humid and oppressive meditation of the fragility of the human condition. Like a hall of mirrors, it distorts and amplifies our vulnerabilities. Like a mad-hatter's tea party, it laughs at our insecurities with an embittered pleasure.

Racine's Phedra, directed by Michael Gow is playing at the Brisbane Powerhouse from the 15th September to 11th October.

If you're 24 years of age or under, you can attend the performance for only \$17.







# UNDEAD

Horror film buff Leon 'Braindead' Calcutt recently caught up with three fellow zombie fans: Michael and Peter Spierig, directors of the award winning film 'Undead'; and actor Mungo McKay, who plays zombie slayer Marion in the film.

**Leon:** 'Undead' was awesome. So where did you get the idea, and what motivated you to make it into a feature film?

**Michael:** Well, back in 94/95 Peter and I had a lot of fun making a trilogy of short horror films. We've made other short films in different genres but we kept coming back to the idea of a zombie film. We thought it would be a really fun, great way to start our feature film career, hopefully. We looked at filmmakers we admire, like Peter Jackson and George Romero, and saw where their careers started - with low budget horror films.

**Mungo:** Glad you liked the film. It's funny; I was never a fan of horror movies. They always scared me.

**Leon:** Really? So how did you get the part of Marion?

**Mungo:** I've been at the Actors Workshop for nearly eight years, teaching and training as a professional actor. The role came up so I went for it. It's a great role. Also, I didn't have to shave (laughs). I could grow my beard (and) that was a big factor.

**Leon:** Michael and Peter, when did you first become fans of zombie films? It started for me when I was young, my old man showed them to me.

**Peter:** I think it was back in the early 80s when Evil Dead came out on video. I saw it and it scared the shit out of me. As a young kid it left a lasting impression.

**Leon:** So do you think there's a resurgence of zombie movies?

**Peter:** Absolutely, there is now. At the time when we started work on 'Undead' there were no zombie films out. We thought maybe we could start the resurgence. But now 'Undead' is out, and there have been heaps of zombie films out lately. It's great really.

**Leon:** I like it that 'Undead' is horror and comedy combined.

**Michael:** We just think of the sickest possible thing we can, and it always seems funny. The violence I write is always

amusing. I just can't take zombies seriously. Any slow creature walking around trying to eat someone's brains is very amusing.

**Peter:** We sort of look at it like a Roadrunner cartoon. It's so exaggerated and unrealistic, you can't take it seriously.

**Leon:** So what's it like promoting a movie you filmed two years ago? Do you keep in touch with each other?

**Mungo:** Oh yeah, we're all Brisbanites. We hang out, see films. I love Brisbane. I know I may have to live out of a suitcase in future, but Brisbane is my base. I've lived here all my life.

**Leon:** Your mug's all over the place these days, Mungo.

**Mungo:** I'm a famous anonymous! My beard and hat completely obscure my face.

**Leon:** The special effects blew me away! They were so well done on such a tight budget. How did you do that?

**Peter:** We did a large chunk of it ourselves. That cut costs dramatically. Obviously we are not charging our own company for the effects we create. We tried to plan as much as possible and shoot very carefully, so we didn't waste time or film stock.

**Leon:** Any advice for people who want to make a movie, but don't have huge funds? Where would you start?

**Michael:** Storyboard your film and budget it out realistically.

**Peter:** My advice is spend time on the script. Really assess it. Is this up to scratch? Is this offering something new and different that nobody has done before? I'm not talking about special effects. I'm talking about a unique idea. If you have that, your movie won't blend in. It will have its own place. You really have to break the mould, and be brutally honest with yourself. If your stuff is stock-standard shit, start again.

**Leon:** What do you think of the state of recent horror movies? Do you think there's a lack of originality?

**Peter:** There's kind of this new resurgence in horror at the moment. Every studio in Hollywood wants to do horror, and the horror coming out of Hollywood is pretty bad. It has been crap for a long time, with the exception of a handful like 'The Ring' and 'Scream'. I think the real quality resurgence in horror right now is the independent horror film. Movies like 'Cabin Fever', 'Dog Soldiers', 'Cube', even '28 Days Later' which is not really independent but has a relatively low budget. Really great stuff.

**Leon:** Every good horror movie needs a kick-arse weapon. Whose idea was the triple barreled shotgun?

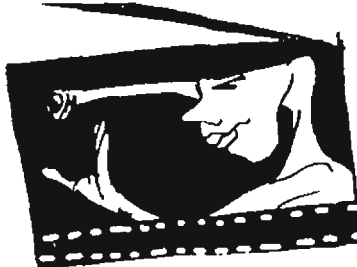
**Michael:** I believe it was my idea. I honestly can't remember. But you need more than just a pistol, or a shotgun to blow zombie apart. You're right; every great horror movie has an iconic weapon. Ash ('Evil Dead') has his chainsaw; Freddy (Kruger) has his glove.

**Leon:** So what are you working on at the moment?

**Mungo:** Nothing at the moment. It's difficult; I'm at the stage where I have to be really choosy. I'm waiting for an interesting offer I might have to go overseas. A weird thing about acting is you have to travel overseas and work overseas, for some strange reason, to gain credibility. 'Undead' screens in (around) 22 countries, so there's bound to be work generated as a result. I

**Written by Leon 'Braindead' Calcutt and Tara Thorne.**





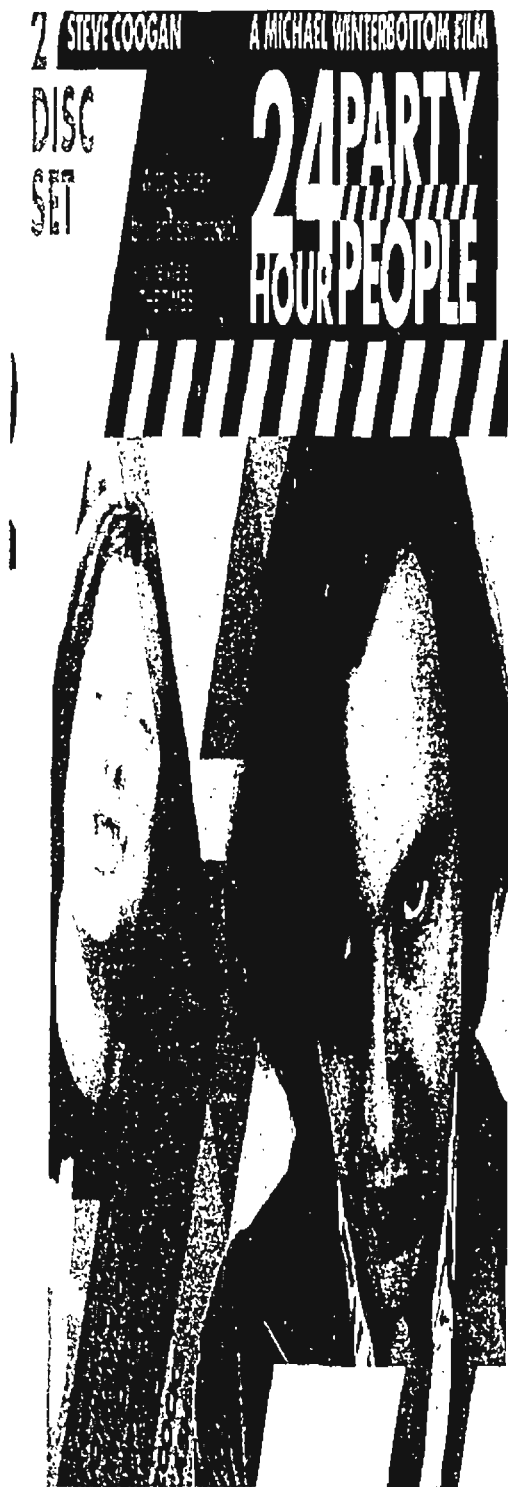
## GIMME GIMME GIMME GIVEAWAYS FOR POOR STUDENTS



### Japanese Story

Celebrating the release of the new Australian film shot in the Pilbara region of WA and starring Toni Collette. We have 20 double passes to give away, with thanks to the wonderful bunch @ Think Tank Communications. .

All you have to do is phone the Semper office on 33772237 before October 8.



### 24 Hour Party People

Thanks to the wonderful bunch @ The AV Channel we have 5 copies of this wonderful DVDs to giveaway to lucky Semper readers. All you have to do is ring into the Semper office on 33772237 before October 8.



### Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life

Thanks to the busty burley bunch @ UIP we have 10 double passes to Angelina Jolie's new flick. Ph the Semper office: on 33772237 before October 8.



## GIMME GIMME GIMME GIVEAWAYS FOR POOR STUDENTS

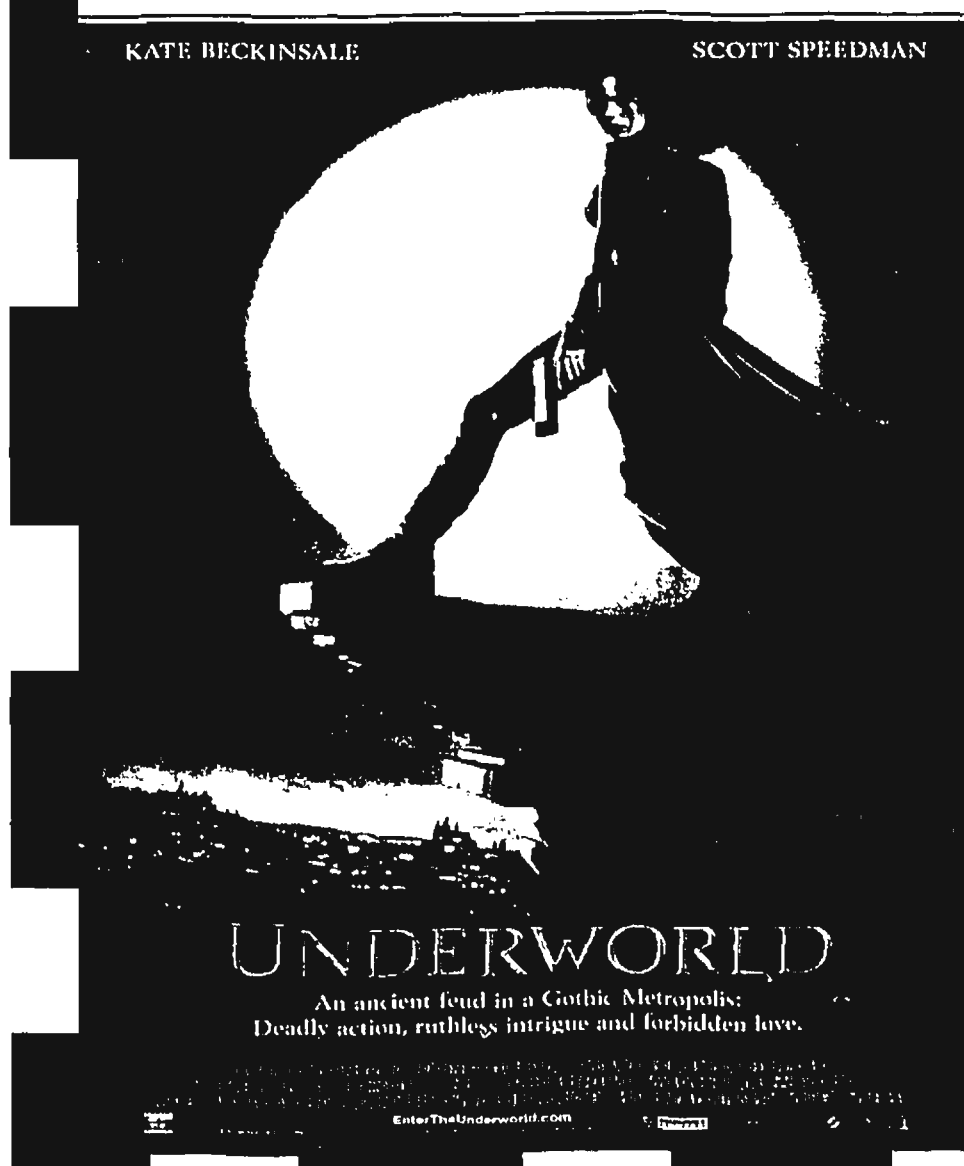
# LIVID

THANKS TO THE ORGANISERS OF LIVID WE HAVE ONE DOUBLE PASS TO THIS  
WONDERFUL CONCERT TO GIVE AWAY !

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND US AN EMAIL TELLING US WHAT YOU WOULD  
DO TO GET NOTICED BY ANYONE OF THE BANDS  
PLAYING @LIVID.

EMAIL: [semper.union@mailbox.uq.edu.au](mailto:semper.union@mailbox.uq.edu.au) BEFORE OCTOBER 15 5PM.  
GOODLUCK!!!!

JUDGES WILL PICK THE BEST ENTRY. JUDGES DECISION IS FINAL, AND NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE ENTERED INTO.



### UNDERWORLD

Thanks to the lovely bunch  
@ Columbia Tristar flicks  
we have 20 double  
passes to the preview of  
Underworld on Wednesday  
October 15, 6.30pm at  
Birch Carroll & Coyle  
Chermside.

If you'd like to win all you  
have to do is contact the  
Semper office on 33772237  
before 3pm October 15.



# REVIEWS

A MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM FILM

## 24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE

24 Hour Party People

(Av Channel/  
Madman/The Film  
Consortium)

"I just saw god" (Tony Wilson) "What'd he look like?" He was the exact image of me." Above is a conversation between Tony Wilson and the Happy Mondays; taken from the wonderful, no (!), bloody brilliant movie 24 Hour Part People. Tony Wilson was Factory Records founder- the label behind Joy Division (who later went on to become New Order) and the Happy Mondays. Not only this, he also transformed Manchester into the place to be with the introduction of the first ever 'raves' at his super club the Hacienda. As legend has it, he was inspired by the Sex Pistols first Manchester gig and decide to build a musical empire with the anarchic business philosophy of: no contracts, no ownership - just passion, music and hedonism. And if the band didn't like it- they were able to leave. A funny and poignant look at how the UK dance culture began told from the focus of the man many calls a genius, a twat and a poet. Steven Coogan seems destined to play this part; immersing himself in the outspoken Wilson whose life it seems is completely in his control, but at the same time; out of his hands. With 2 DVDs with fantastic bonus material including audio commentaries from Tony Wilson, 24 deleted scenes, New Order 'Here to Stay'

music video, theatrical trailer exclusive interviews and more. It's well worth the purchase to discover the truth behind Factory Records.

Sofie Ham

Grand Drive

Self-titled)  
(RCA Victor/BMG)

Hailing from the UK, Grand Drive are perhaps the great-lost connection between the 70s and modern music. This latest album is a compilation of some of their earlier works, designed to introduce local audiences to the band, though you'd never know it the way the tracks come together. The Grand Drive sound is one which takes its roots from country (but the good kind of alt-country rather than the hat-brigade crap more usually associated with the style) and 70s Americana. Opening tune 'Firefly' is stunning, with a light swing to it and lyrics as poetic as any by Dylan, whilst 'Sleepy' could easily work in the romantic prom-slow dance scene of a movie with its gentle keyboards and hooky chorus, reminiscent of the Eagles. Brilliant, nostalgic tunes to prove that they still do make 'em like that they used to.

David Tam

Johnny Conquest

'Uptown for the  
Americas'  
(Sirkus/Valve)

With members from the Tomato multimedia team, it's no surprise that Johnny Conquest's album originally came about when they felt some original music was required to accompany their video work. 'Uptown for the Americas' is totally

instrumental and filled with impossibly cool laid back beats, some bass grooves, ambient noises and a fair bit of jazz blown over the top. The album is quite an eclectic affair, which hints at acts like St Germaine ('Walking Like a Pearl, Lefthander') and 'Felt Mountain' Goldfrapp ('Nor'easter). There's even a touch of Miles Davis on 'Lowlung'. A very interesting collection of tunes here.

David Tam



'Lovers'  
The Sleepy Jackson  
(EMI)

The debut album from Perth outfit the Sleepy Jackson has all the hallmarks of a psychedelic classic. In Luke Steele it boasts an eccentric front man with an embarrassment of ideas and assorted pretty colours floating around inside his head (think Syd Barrett or Brian Wilson). The album is full of the sun-drenched melodies and general weirdness of the Flaming Lips or the Beatles circa the White Album. There is also layer upon layer of bizarre sounds and effects, with everything from viola, keyboards, turntables and fiddle contributing to the mayhem, as well as some tasty George Harrison-style slide guitar. 'Good Dancers' and 'This Day' are technicolour anthems, while 'Old Dirt Farmer' digs up gold in the form of a lively country ditty. The single 'Vampire

Racecourse', with its oblique lyrics and unique structure, brings to mind Pavement, if Pavement went hi-fi and made use of uplifting harmonies. Lovers does not always live up to its grandiose ambitions, however. 'Fill Me With Apples' is an inferior reproduction of OK Computer's 'Fitter Happier', and the child-sung 'Morning Bird' can be a little annoying. However these slight failings only serve to illuminate the diversity and genius of the rest of the album. Anyway, how many psychedelic classics are perfect?

Jeremy Day



The Strangest Things'  
Longwave  
(RCA/BMG)

Alongside fellow NYC inhabitants Interpol, Longwave trade primarily in gloomy melodies and reverb-heavy guitar latticework. The songs on their second longplayer The Strangest Things are majestic in scope, with ghostly atmospherics provided by producer Dave Fridmann (Flaming Lips, Mercury Rev). The band reveal themselves to be keen students of Television, constructing towering guitar edifices, only to smash them apart with distortion and feedback. These seismic shifts unfold above a solid rhythm of prominent basslines and thumping Jesus and Mary Chain-style drums. Frontman Steve Schiltz is adept at

evoking lugubrious desperation through a filter of detached cool, apparent in the five-minutes-from-suicide feel of 'Meet Me at the Bottom'. Ultimately Longwave are restrained by their influences; however they certainly don't lack ambition or potential.

Jeremy Day

Sides'  
Full Fathom Five  
(Valve)

Brisbane's Full Fathom Five have with their second full-length album managed to seamlessly fuse electronics and organics. Electronic synths are heavily present throughout, but are complemented to great effect by a variety of live instruments including guitars, piano, glockenspiel and banjo. The songs themselves move along effortlessly on rhythms that seem too perfect to be devised by mere humans. Album opener and first single 'Built You A Gun' glides into the ears with a hypnotic rhythm and magnetic vocal performance. The title track borrows the robotic pulse of Kraftwerk, while 'The Sea' features ethereal vocals that fade in and out of elegant string arrangements. Eerie melodies, dub effects, and powerful driving basslines abound. Full Fathom Five have dared to explore the outer reaches of sound, with great success.

Jeremy Day

'Send'  
Wire  
(Valve)

This latest release by art-punk legends Wire is the first full-length album of new material from the band since their 1999 reformation. Send is a dark album, even by Wire's



# SOUND REVIEWS

normally bleak standards. It possesses a tightly wound ferocity, forcing you at gunpoint through dark and sinister corridors of menacing electronics and industrial-strength guitar fuzz. 'You Can't Leave Now' is akin to an Orwellian policeman who breaks your spirit armed only with repetition and a disheartening message. 'Nice Streets Above' transmits a nightmarishly distorted snarl from what sounds like a nuclear meltdown, while 'Half Eaten' juxtaposes chainsaw guitars and a disco beat. Send manages to retain the innovation that framed Wire's earlier groundbreaking records, even if their trademark cynical humour seems to have been sacrificed to make way for this record's intense aural assault.

Jeremy Day

## Lost in the Real Sky' Curseovdialect (Valve)

There is no getting over the fact that this release by the defiantly unconventional Curseovdialect is fairly inaccessible stuff as far as hip-hop goes. Lost in the Real Sky is a musical platter of unreined craziness. Obscure samples clash with bizarre sounds and animated rapping, all delivered at a breakneck pace: see 'Baby How'd We Ever Get This Way?' and it's loony rapping over what sounds like a stapler appreciation society holding their annual meeting at a pokies club. Of note also is 'Wolf Moon', which makes good use of spine-chilling strings and horror movie effects. The madcap shenanigans on this record certainly make for a unique audio experience, but may not possess the durability to survive very many repeat listens.

Jeremy Day

## 'Aurora' Antiskeptic ((Toupee Records)

The production on this album is so slick as to be almost offensive, the pedestrian riffs polished to polite radio-friendly levels.

The songs need the shiny treatment, but they don't deserve it: they are devoid of hooks, despite being saturated in annoyingly overbearing nasal melodies. The overall impression is of a band content to take their immediate musical influences and fashion them into a re-usable "just add guitar-bass-drums & whiney vocals" pop-punk formula. Unfortunately the bands they are ripping off (Unwritten Law, The Ataris) have already cast themselves into that mould, making Antiskeptic an inferior copy of an already defective product. When they do stray from their boy-band 'punk' recipe, the results are generic plodding rockers ('More Than Kind') or insipid power ballads ready-made for high rotation on Triple M ('Running Now').

Jeremy Day

## 'Self-Destructive Pattern' Spineshank (Roadrunner)

If Spineshank were striving for mediocrity with their third full-length release, they've outdone themselves. Self-destructive pattern is a repugnant mess of an album, an unholy marriage of two of the most evil musical commodities: contrived aggression and lethargic grunge-lite. They would like you to believe that they are seriously pissed-off dudes, but their sledgehammer riffs and guttural screaming are undermined by the unconvincing 'poor twisted me' sad-sack lyrics that permeate the songs. With songs like 'Smothered', 'Consumed' and 'Forgotten', Spineshank are more miserable than Alice in Chains, and not half as articulate.

According to the band this was a difficult album to make, so it is fitting that it is a difficult album to listen to, about as much fun as clenching a roll of coins in your fist and punching yourself in the head repeatedly.

Jeremy Day  
'In Mesopotamia'

Mocky  
(Gomma/Warner



Chappell

A truly tripped-out conception of a twisted mind. Mocky's latest album vacillates between afro-cuban jazz and ambient groove all layered over some rhythms reminiscent of early 80s space invader sound effects that you won't even realise you have forgotten until you hear them again. The timbres used are as edgeless as they are seamless - you'll find no Bjork-esque industrial noises here - think less Reznor and more Casio-synth. What I adore about this album is not just Mocky's versatility as an artist, but that his musical canvases all turn out to be masterpieces, even when it sounds as if he's hurling as much musical paint as he can muster at them. Some tunes are high in tension from being so subdued, so just be aware of the horror dreamscapes which may await you before you sink into that brown corduroy couch and get swallowed into Mocky-inspired insanity.

Sound obscure? Listen yourself and describe the feeling better. This is one virus you'll want to catch.

Scott McDonald

## 'Self-Titled' Shawn Desman (Uomo/BMG)

My first confession for this review is that a scan through my cd collection will produce no r&b newer than the 70s. It's a genre I never latched onto (apart from a shameful affair with Shaggy which I will, after this review, hereby deny) and therefore all my knowledge of r&b comes from drunken binges which end in front of the t.v. watching Rage in the wee hours of the morning. Therefore, I will admit that my opinion of Shawn Desman as a largely uninspired clone who seems more like a boy band of one than a solo artist should be taken with

a grain of salt. I just felt that this album needed Desman to truly go to Defcon 1 and explode with whatever he had, cannons akimbo, instead of wimping his way through his ballads with a love of his own image which glistens through on every track. Now don't get me wrong, I love a ballad as much as (insert your preferred archetype of ballad lover here) but you should never begin your album with someone saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, once in a lifetime, somebody is born to bring you something so incredible, something that you've never heard before..." and then not. Sorry Shawn

Scott McDonald.

## 'Blue in the Face Doubledrive (Roadrunner/Universal)

Big use of the delay pedal, heavy distortion, great leathery vocals with almost too perfect intonation. Make no mistake about it - Doubledrive is about original rock, rock in the vein of Nickelback, in the vein of Bush, but not influenced to the point of ripping off their style with a few fresh chords or - as is sadly the case - keeping the chords or riffs the same and messing around with the timing. None of that here, and nothing too flashy or virtuosic either. One point of interest though: track 2 lingered with me for a couple of days on the first hearing, and has multiple references to Jesus Christ and making a commitment towards him. I couldn't find any other references in the rest of the album to this being a Christian rock band a la Creed (the band have shared the same producer in the past), but you never can tell - and these guys seem too straightforward to be ironic. Pick this one up if you're an Austereo Network listener - it's your fodder and it tastes good.

Scott McDonald

## 'Cup of Sand' Superchunk (Trifekta/Merge Records)

'Cup of Sand' is for the Superchunk die-harder, preferably those who have been with them since the

early days which, I am told, were the heady days of 1989! The album is a double cd set of singles and b-sides as well as a series of rarities and unreleased tracks from the last decade. As is typical with an album of unreleased classics, the value of each track as a classic is not abundantly clear on first listening, but if you persevere and are a great lover of the band, you can relax in the comfort of their unique sound for a couple of hours and it'll give you a break from thrashing all of their other albums which are sitting in your shelves. The fact that much of this album has come from a vault which has not been opened for a time naturally results in some of the tracks being a little dated, but not distractingly so.

Scott McDonald

## 'Self-Titled'



Darth Vegas  
(Valve)

Imagine jedi light sabre fights inside the casino Circus Circus - lots of flashing lights, pain and screaming, electronica pokie sounds, nubile trapeze artists defying gravity, bassy heavy-breathed half-robots and monkeys in little pairs of pants. Put a soundtrack to it and you're halfway there. Darth Vegas is as complex as the mixing of its two namesakes - a futuristic dance which flirts unashamedly with Verve label fusion jazz. This album has a group of highly skilled Sydney musos going ballistic but using schlock, hammer-horror and black and white spaceman film scores as their canvas. I liked it but it made my head hurt.

Scott McDonald



# LIVID



**LIVID** - It's Brisbane's biggest musical festival which has expanded to include other states. Here's a couple good reasons why you'll want to be heading to the RNA showgrounds this Oct 18.....

## WHITE STRIPES

Brother/sister, husband /wife..who really cares? It's the music we're talking about here people and these kiddies have got the goods. Having released their first self-titled album in 1999 their simple rock combo of drums and guitar have The Rolling Stones doing splits all over again. With 'White Blood Cells' undeniably one of the coolest albums around and their latest offering 'Elephant' disturbingly brilliant, you just have to catch this duo in action for one of their live high-rock energy shows. It's only likely that the Stripes titanic rise shall continue in the coming years.

**SING ALONG PICK:** God dam this is a hard one... um probably 'Seven Nation Army'.

## JURASSIC 5

The Los Angeles-based team that is JURASSIC 5 are remarkable. Far from being strangers to our shores, their album 'It's Golden' was one of the best releases from last year with the hip-hop rapping melodies a throwback to the era of 'block parties' and jamming vibe 'lunch' break-dancing in central park Guaranteed to bring a smile to your dial.

**SING ALONG PICK:** 'What's Golden'.

## The Roots

The funks gonna hit the stage and the beats are gonna fly with Hip-hop legends The Roots taking their rightful place as the Livid ANNEX headliners. Their hip-hop blues sensibilities will have you bopping and rocking. Hitting straight for the jugular with their sentimental beat blues rhythms, you can't help but be transported back to the days of Mowtown.

**SING ALONG PICK** 'The Seed.'

## BRMC

Don't' stop till you get your rock. American roots rock never sounded so good and these jaw dropping floppy haired rebels have got the world in a bit of a tether over their hot-wired sound. What's not to like here? Thunderous drum beats, guitar riffs that get you all clammy, this LA based band bring their brand new album "Take Them On, On Your Own" to Livid this year. And if we're lucky, they'll set to will sabotage a few golf carts on the way as well....

**SING ALONG PICK:** 'Whatever Happened to my Rock and Roll'.

## YEAH YEAH YEAH'S

The delightfully clad Karen O loves her fashion and a bit of beer spurting over the crowds just for kicks. Hyped up and ready to return to Oz after a receptive audience response whilst supporting Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, YYY's are pure sexed up frock and roll with punk sensibility and plenty of feminine Grrrr!

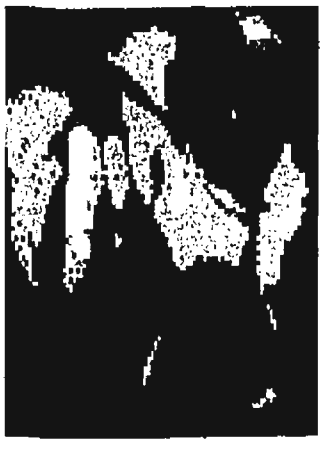
**SING ALONG PICK:** 'Art Star'.

## RESIN DOGS

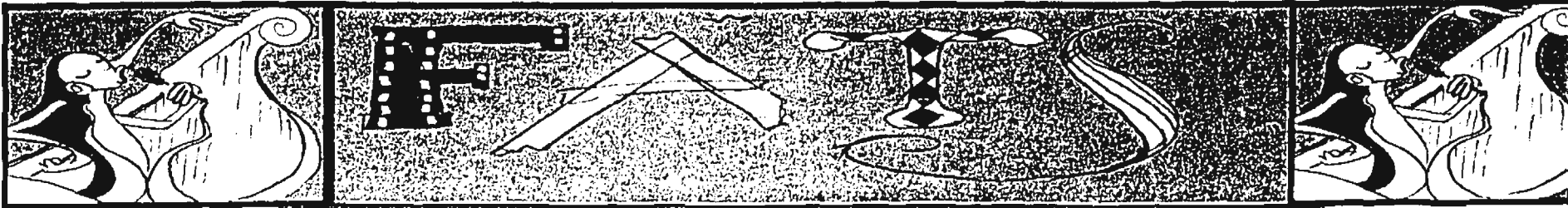
How could you not have heard of this local (chuff chuff) phenomenal who has blasted onto the national super club route in the past couple of years. With the release of a recent album, their horn samples, deck expertise itching and scratching up a storm, they'll have the whole crowd shaking their tushies.

## LAMB

Probably best known for their stirring love (top wedding waltz) song 'Gorechi' (which Nicole Kidman ALMOST destroyed!!!) the stars are sure to twinkle a little bit brighter and the moon may perhaps even shed a tear at this masterful UK groups delicately woven melodies (Compelling you to snog/hug/embrace the closest one next to you).







# LIVID

**DEXTER**

Known for his work with The Avalanches, Dexter has been labelled by Mr King Pin himself Grandmaster 'big daddy' Flash as ' little Big Daddy in waiting'. Knighted as one of the most innovative and creative DJ's in the world (stick that in your pipe and smoke it Sasha), you'll have to judge for yourself and maybe pick up a few expert tips along the way (that is if you can get in close enough..)

**HAR MAR SUPERSTAR**

Oh golly – what's not to love about this punchy bald RnB/ hip-hop 'George' wanna be. Not adverse to stripping off to show his hairy bits and pieces to the crowd this beanbag's also know for his sleazy but still pleasing mix of beats and down tempo rocking. But if he throw's his undies to audience patrons, know that I'll be one of the first to duck and run for cover.

**LITTLE BIRDY**

Well well well. Talent running in the family – The Sleepy Jackson's little sister has got a whole chirpy package of her own. Making her mark outside of her brothers band, Little Birdy has more recently been signed to Eleven (home to Silverchair and paulmac.



But wait...there's more.  
Lots and lots more!  
There'll be a whole bunch  
of other acts to catch at  
Livid.

LINKIN PARK  
JURASSIC 5  
THE LIVING END  
FRENZAL RHOMB  
BANGARRA DANCERS  
PACIFIER  
ROCKET SCIENCE  
GELBISON  
SUNK LOTO  
ROLLERBALL  
BUTTERFINGERS



WHITE STRIPES  
B L A C K R E B E L  
MOTORCYCLE CLUB  
YEAH YEAH YEAHS

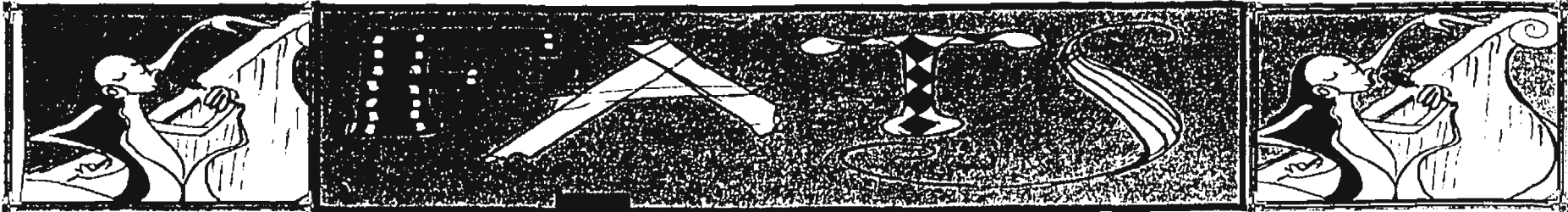
LIARS  
HAR MAR SUPERSTAR



WHIRLWIND HEAT  
THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS  
LITTLE BIRDY  
BUMBLEBEEZ  
JESSIE MALIN  
THE INFORMANTS

LOUDMOUTHS  
ME FIRST & THE GIMME  
GIMMES  
TURBONEGRO  
LESS THAN JAKE  
GOLDFINGER  
BOYSETSFIRE  
THE HELLACOPTERS  
TOE TO TOE  
FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY  
GAZOONGA ATTACK

AGAINST  
RAZEL  
ROSHAMBO  
THE ROOTS  
DEXTER  
MAD PROFESSOR  
LAMB  
RANSOM  
RESIN DOGS  
MARK WALTON  
CUT COPY  
JOHNNY G  
OFFCUTTS  
NOODLES  
PROMISCUOUS  
THE BIRD  
PRE SHRUNK  
THE HERD  
ELIXIR  
FULL FATHOM FIVE  
THE ANYONES  
INTERCOOLER  
IRON ON  
LOVEJOY  
MELANIE  
GEORGE  
THE RED PAINTINGS



# FAGAN



**FAGAN is the 'brainchild' of two local boys who met by chance whilst shopping for cds and guitars in a Paddington pawnshop. Believe it or not, they had strictly reasonable excuses for being there and deny any involvement with anything to do with the adult world of shopping.**

**Semper:** So... how did Fagan come about?

**Damien:** " Well we just stared at each other one day. We met in a Pawnshop.

**Semper:** Sorry? A what?

**Damien:** " No, nothing like that.. no adult sexual entertainment. Although I'm sure that would make for a far better story. I'd just moved to Brisbane, around two and a half years ago and I had no friends, was doing the no friends thing and was scooping out some cds in a pawnshop in Paddington. I was just being an idiot and looking at stuff and there was this other guy who looked like a bigger idiot than me and I was being a smart arse to him and it turns out he was Dominic."

**Dominic:** " It was a pretty big coincidence."

**Damien:** " We started talking and it turned out we had the same sound cards and he realised I wasn't such a wanker. He loved me and I did to"

**Dominic:** (laughing) " I don't know about that. I'm not even his friend I just take pity on him. You should put a personal ad in the magazine for him. He needs like a 'connections' type thing I think."

**Semper:** Speaking of personal ads and wankers, what would you put in a personal ad for each other?

**Damien:** Wow! That's a good question. All right for Dom I'd say ' reasonably attractive, no averagely attractive...

**Dominic:** "What?"

**Damien:** " Oh I don't' know. Okay. ' Lonely white male, 22 seeks partner sexy non-specific'.. Listen I really dunno!

**Dominic:** " All right let me have a go at Damien."

**Damien:** " This is going to hurt."

**Dominic:** "Um, how about - 'young male, non smoker enjoys solitude, romantic nights in watching movies in a very smelly room'.

**Damien:** "All right. Add onto Dom's pedantically clean mate must have no defects."

**Dominic:** "None of that's true we're both incredibly handsome, Sensitive New Age Guys."

**Semper:** Fair enough. Moving right along, how would you describe your sound? You've been compared to the likes of Massive Attack and Lamb. What do you think of that comparison?

**Damien:** " Yeah, I like Lamb- I really like 'Gorechi' but that's about it. We don't; set out to sound like Massive Attack or Lamb. "

**Dominic:** "I think that with the rest of our stuff people are going to be changing their opinions."

**Damien:** " Um, it's diverse. I think we're more ambient live.

**Dominic:** " We're very rockish sounding crossing into Radiohead territory."

**Damien:** " The track I was working on today was tin-can drumming and piano Simple, repetitive and kind of meditative as you're able to relax into it. We haven't yet defined our sound yet. It's probably going to take people years to recognise Fagan and hopefully we'll be able to keep on surprising them.

**Dominic:** " It's easy for us to do that because we don't' have one singer, one guitarist and one bass player. We collaborate with others."

**Semper:** You're getting all ready to record an album- wher's this all happening and have you any ideas already set in motion?

**Dominic:** " Well, I certainly don't want an album that drags on.

**Damien:** "We're going to head away to a house in the Gold Coast Hinterland to get away form distractions sometime in January next year to record. We've got loads of tracks ready.

**Dominic:** " 'Dante' took a while to come together and that was partly because to the distractions down here. But we're not going to drag it out. We've already got lots of material ready to go.

**Damien:** " We haven't come up with a title yet. I'm shit at naming things."

**Dominic:** "I've got one idea. I like the name 'For Your Ears Only"

**Damien:** "Yeah I don't."

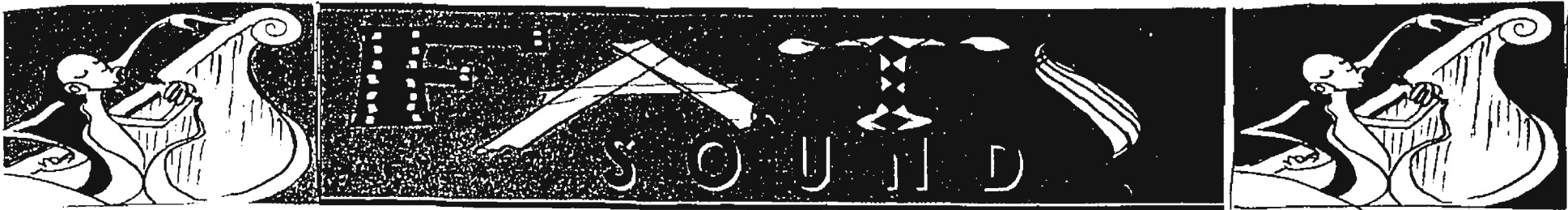
**Semper:** Yeah, you could always have a cover with you both dressed up as James Bond.

**Damien:** "Hmmm, only if I can be the sexy lady in the skirt and Dom can be the man with the gun."

**Dominic:** "All right, but only as long as I can touch your ass man."

**Fagan's brilliant melodic single ' Dante' is currently available through Collison from all good record stores. The boys are busily preparing for their first ever gig @ Crossroads in Early Dec. Keep an eye out for further details.**

**Sofie Ham**



## Night Monkeys



Always on the hunt for ‘new blood’ on the Brisbane music scene, Semper caught up with the six members of acid jazz and funk band Night Monkeys to find out about their humble beginnings and how this indie band is making a mark on the local live circuit.

Originally formed for a shot at the ‘big time’ for the 2003 college band competition; Night Monkeys have suffered a bit of a line up change since their formation at the beginning of the year. However Ben Gibson (bass); Matt “Chunky” Munro (vocals); Steven Anning (Keyboards, Alto Saxophone); Andrew Parker (guitar); Euan Gray (Tenor Saxophone) and Richard Seymour (Drums) seem to have settled in their desired musical niche; with all members committing to being serious about their musical collaboration and future recording possibilities.

“ The current line up has been together for about four or five months. We just swapped everything. I guess you could say we went on a bit of a kicking out spree but we really wanted to get people involved who were really serious about the band,” Ben says.

With the boys taking their name from an episode of the gross-out American series directed by ‘Jackass’; their unique groovy tunes develop in between uni timetables when they get together to jamming out new material.

“ The beginning of each rehearsal starts with a sort of jam and we come together. Ben will play a bass riff and then the drums will kick in and everyone will join in and we’ll just start playing whatever. I’m normally inspired to write some lyrics that fit closely to the sound. We’re not really spurred on by what the market wants or what the majority wants. It’s all about what we want to play. We hope that if we can transpire that live energy others will enjoy it as well,” vocalist Matt says.

“The songs are usually about events in life. Three seconds is about Chunky missing the bus,” Ben laughs and the other boys roar at Matt’s expression.

“ Yeah, ‘Three Seconds’ is a very bitter song, a very angry song,” laughs Matt,

“ I was very upset. It’s about when I was waiting for a bus. Waiting for half an hour at a bus stop and then I hailed this bus and turned around to grab my bag and the bus driver just closed the door and drove off. I chased after the bus and threw my bag at the windows, but he wouldn’t let me on. I had to wait another half an hour. That’s half an hour of my life gone and three seconds was all it would have taken me to get on the bus and (the bus driver) didn’t let me – hence the title ‘Three seconds’.”

“No other members of the band endorse these lyrics either,” NM drummer Richard Seymour laughs.

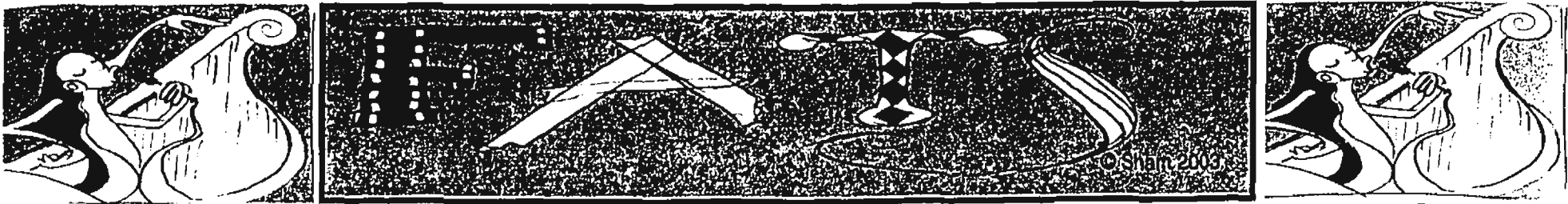
“Most of the lyrics are about killing people and all the things that can happen in three seconds. I find it very hard to be serious so I just write songs that take the piss out of my own life. There’s another song called ‘Fashion’ which was about a fashion experience that I had and I don’t understand it. I mean, people buy jeans with patches on them and pay \$400. I could patch my own jeans if I knew how to sew. Actually I do know how to sew, but that’s a whole other story.” Matt discloses a dark secret that he desperately tries to cover up with the revelation that their Keyboardist, Steve can knit.

With a wacky sense of humour that can evidently can be heard through their music, the boys have recently recorded a few live tracks for local community radio station 4ZZZ, which are set to go to air very soon. “ We recorded a live set yesterday. I think it sounds pretty good. There’s no touch ups and we’re scheduled for an interview and that’ll all be aired on 4ZZZ,” Ben says.

“ We’re also set to do a gig at The Zoo and we’ve kind of got a residency at Number 12 as well as a couple of other gigs. We’re currently doing all our own management. It’s tough to do yourself because to have to organise all your own bookings and we’ve done all our own web design, demo cds, posters and all that. It’s pretty much a full time job, but we seem to be doing all right.”

Sofie Ham

Visit [nightmonkeys.com](http://nightmonkeys.com) for further info on the band and listen into Brisbane’s fabulous community radio station 4ZZZ for future NK releases and gig info.



# Feather & Leather

It's all about sensing art rather than simple viewing it with the Institute of Modern Art's latest exhibition from three contemporary artists Lisa Reihana, Beata Batorowicz and Greg Leong.



Studying a Doctorate of Fine Arts at the Queensland College of Art, Brisbane artist Beata Batorowicz has been examining the relationship between fathers and daughters, unravelling the myths and misconceptions through art.

"It's really important to me because I think that it's a discourse that has really been lacking in the visual arts forte and I feel its an in between area that seems to be shied away from. What I've done it to adopt a metaphorical father figure in Joseph Beuys."

Beuy's 'the German granddaddy of late 20th century conceptual art is challenged by Batorowicz through her installation 'anti-big Daddy art'. Taken from Beuy's story of being shot down during the second world war and surviving the crash being nursed back to life by a pack of wolves, Batorowicz mimics Beuy's own strategy of gross fabrication. With large aeroplane wings constructed from knitted piece of red fully wool. Patch-worked and stuck together, Batorowicz thus employs knitting as a system to expose other systems that 'elevate themselves to positions of authority'.

I've become a daughter of Joseph Beuys and as a 'daughter' so to speak I can challenge him and his constructs. I'm interpreting knitting as a form of feminism. I'm from a polish background so

there's that German polish history that comes through – but it's making fun and critiquing art and history itself and the way people take it all too seriously. I learnt how to knit for the project and used the fluffy wool (laughs) so that when you look at (the art) you can't see the mistakes. I wanted a furry feel the artwork. I think that this laborious process is always simply regarded as a feminine thing and I kind of wanted to bring that out there and make it a huge thing that can't be disregarded or avoided."

Another amazing piece that Batorowicz worked on was collaboration with New Zealand artist Lisa Reihana.

"I met Lisa through the curator of the exhibition (Rose McDougall). It was a sort of a blind date thing (laughs) and it seems to have worked out okay. We decided to talk about cultural heritage and communication and Lisa had a whole heap of old 'Xena, Warrior Princess' costumes and we came up with the ides to use all the goatskins to create some wild mats with bits of leather tied on. We wanted to transform the gallery space into something warmer so that people could actually stand and be able to touch. We really want the patrons to experience and feel the space."

Another part of the 'Xena' creation is the inclusion of 'communication devices', which Beata and Lisa actively encourage patrons to use.

"You walk across the mat and you can see these antlers and horns. They're actually listening devices and we decided to play we the idea of communication. They're actually listening devices similar to the tin-can walkie-talkies. We want people to hold them and talk through them."

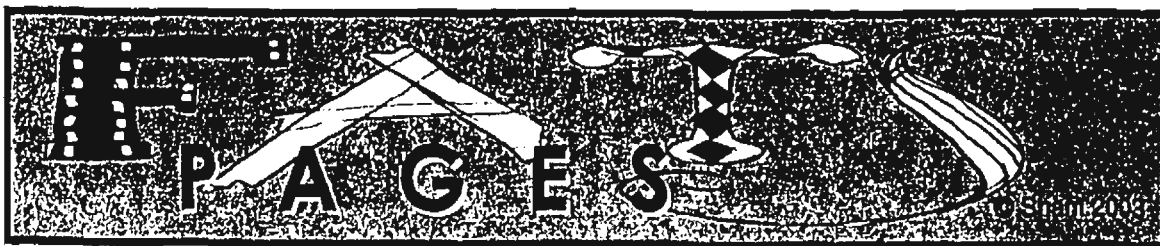
Completely tired of knitting Beata is planning to show her work in the Victoria Gallery and incorporate some of her other contemporary art pieces for that show.

"I'm well and truly sick of knitting. I've got a couple of other pieces so I may incorporate them into my (Victorian) show. I think that with contemporary art there's always good art and bad art and it all comes down to personal taste. I think that good contemporary art offers many layers. There has to be something that reaches and engages different audiences. You simply have to tell your own story sometimes and hopefully others will see something in common and keep an honesty going through it."

Sofie Ham

READYMADE is currently showing @ The Institute of Modern Art, 420 Brunswick St (main entrance Berwick St) Fortitude Valley until Oct 11.





## The Secret Life of Writers



Judi McCrossin, one of the writers behind the hit series *The Secret Life Of Us* donated her valuable time to open this years Brisbane Writers festival. Semper caught up with this enigmatic and very funny woman to discover a little bit about her past and her fond affection for a certain 'Dr Rex'.

"I just love Rex. He's so sexy. I have to say I've created my dream man and it's rex. He's the doctor we all dream about. I guess I've become rather attached to him. We actually do get people who become very attached and Sibylla Budd ('Gabriel') was once getting people coming up to her complaining to her about her on-screen husband thinking that he's real. I guess that's why people love it and why it's so popular, because it is very much like real life and deals with issues that other shows don't deal with. Some of the actors have a bit of a hard time dealing with some of the themes and issues we (writers) come up with. I know in the episode that dealt with abortion, Claudia Karvan ('Alex') was pregnant at the time and had difficulty saying a line where Alex talks about drinking and how it may have affected her pregnancy. But the cast are great – they all do their best and it shows. The cast

came together all really well. We had huge trouble trying to find someone for the character of Alex but when we found Claudia we just knew. She didn't even have to audition." Writing her instalments for the series, Judi takes elements from her own life and her close friends stories and intertwines them into the tales. She writes from the point of view that the characters of Evan and Alex are her at different times in her life.

"My friends all watch the show and sometimes they look at Claudia and go 'that's just so you' or 'when did you go and do that?' I write a lot of my life into the story line and none of my friends seem to mind. I think they'd bash me up if they did. I did get to have a starring role in the wedding episode (between Alex and Rex) and my I must have been crap because my friends said as though I didn't look as though I was supposed to be there," McCrossin laughs

Having written several of the series episodes, Judi (who has also directed several acclaimed short films), is currently developing a six part drama series for SBS about one of Brisbane's longest running indie radio stations: 4ZZZ.

"We still haven't got a name for the show yet but I've always thought what a great story it would make. Brisbane has a whole history that seems to have been not yet documented in film or television. I mean, there are so many stories from the whole Joe Bjelke Peterson era and I feel that it needs to be documented. Brisbane has a wonderful feel to it and I reckon that it's got a bit of a tale to tell." McCrossin's enthusiasm is almost contagious as she excitedly talks about her current project.

"I've got a researcher going about collecting everything that we can find and I'm going to do all that I can, but it's been all very hazy – not surprising I guess. Many of the old tapes and documents have just become forgotten or thrown out. At times it can be very very frustrating."

Sofie Ham



The Brisbane Writers Festival runs from Oct 1- 5 @ the cultural forecourt, South Bank. For further information Ph: (07) 3325 0254 or visit [www.brisbanewritersfestival.com.au](http://www.brisbanewritersfestival.com.au)

## BOOK REVIEWS

'Sushi Central'

Alasdair Duncan

(UQP)

\*\*\*\*

UQ student Alasdair Duncan brings forth his first novel about a gay sixteen-year-old named Calvin. Falling in love with Anthony, Calvin whilst struggling with his identity and the confusion of first love, teeters on the edge of the adult world and the complications of tentative and reckless homosexual relations. With a choppy narrative format delivered in the form of emails and snappy conversations the book reads as if it was destined to be a film or play script. *Sushi Central* is similar to the likes of 'Head On' and 'Frantic', but delves deep into certain teenage angst themes that other contemporary young adult novel. Duncan is to be credited for his narrative style and discription of characters, building this bittersuit tale about coming of age and sexual miss-adventure.

Sofie Ham

'On the Road to Anywhere'

Hugh Lunn.

(Hodder)

Writer Hugh Lunn has published seven books of memoir, making him a unique publishing phenomenon in Australia. He has a huge, loyal following, largely due to the bestselling memoir of his Brisbane childhood, *Over the Top with Jim*. In his most recent book, *On the Road to Anywhere*, Lunn chronicles how his life has changed since the publication of *Over the Top*. Lunn is natural storyteller whose affection for the people and places he writes about transcends the page. The book is a tribute to 'real' Australians like Ian 'Macca' McNamara, the ABC radio presenter who turns *Over the Top* into a successful radio serial, and actor Billie Brown who helps turn *Over the Top* into a successful theatre production. With so much success stemming from a memoir that celebrates Australian culture, it is disappointing to see Lunn take such a pessimistic stance in *On the Road*. Lunn despairs at the 'Americanisation' of our culture and seems to wish everything in Australia had stayed how it was in the 1950s. I am sure many older readers would agree with him, but I felt frustrated, particularly with Lunn's pitying disapproval of the 'youth of today'. I wish he could see my 14-year-old brother and his mates up north, who fish during the day and rock roofs at night. Maybe it would cheer him up. The world is getting smaller, but Australian culture lives on.

Tara Thorne.





# WHATCHA GONNA DO?

## THEATRE

**ALONE IT STANDS** – Recapture the excitement of those tight rugby shorts from the 1978 rugby match between Ireland and NZ. Showing @ QPAC Playhouse from Sep 30 until Oct 18. Bookings: 136 246.

**BY BURNING IRON**- Spend the night in the self –help group of a psychiatric hospital. Showing @ Metro Arts from Sep 24- Oct 18. Ph: 136 246.

**OUR TOWN** - Thorton Wilders classic tale showing @ Chelmer Community Centre, Chelmer from Sep 28- Oct 11. Ph: (07) 3379 7176.

**OUTSIDE EDGE** - The dramas of family and friends set at a cricket match. Showing @ the Brisbane Arts Theatre, Petrie Terrace from selected dates until Oct 11. Bookings: 3369 23 44.

**PLAYING BURTON** – Richard Burton is re-incarnated in a one-man play. Showing @ Cremorne Theatre from Oct 7- 12. Ph: 136 246.

**PHEDRA**- Translated French theatre about the retiring of an ancient Greek myth showing @ Powerhouse Theatre, Brisbane Powerhouse. Ph: (07) 3358 8600.

**SWEENEY TODD** - Musical theatre with black humour and razor-sharp lyrics showing @ Lyric Theatre on various dates from Oct 11- 25. Ph: 136 246.

**THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA**- The story tale brought to the stage about a mysterious princess showing @ Brisbane Arts Theatre from Sep 24- Oct 25. Ph; (07) 3369 2344.

## ART

**ANTIPODES** - Craft Queensland presents the first Australian viewing of the largest fibre works by Christine Ballinger. Showing @ CQ Gallery, 381 Brunswick St, Fortitude Valley. Ph: (07) 3215 0808.

**ARCHEOLOGICAL** – The product launch of jewellery by designer and goldsmith Michael Hofmeyer at the craft Queensland Gallery and Store, CQGallery, 381 Brunswick St, Fortitude Valley, Ph: (07) 3215 0808.

**ARTISTS MAKING DO** – An exhibition about what a group of emerging artists make or do when they are not making are. Showing @ The Palace Gallery, 46 Merivale St, South Brisbane.

**BUSHFIRE** - Ronnie Tjampitjinpa's latest works showing @ Fire-Works Gallery, 11 Stratton St, Newstead. Ph: (07) 3216 1250.

**COVER ART IMAGES** - Collection of cover art images in conjunction with the Qld Arts Council's touring programs. Showing @ State Library, South Brisbane until Oct 26. Ph: (07) 3840 7666.

**FILM NOIR** – Politique Blanche - A multi- media exhibition of installation and film by Mike Parr and Adam Geczy. Showing @ QCA Gallery, Qld College of Art, Griffith University, South Bank until Nov 19. Ph: (07) 3840 7278.

**LEUNIG ANIMATED** – You've seen his work now enter his world of cartoons with his creative exhibition showing @ the Qld Museum, South Brisbane until Nov 16. Ph: (07) 3840 7555.

**PLACE AND MEMORY** – The graphic work of William Robinson showing @ QUT Cultural Precinct until Dec 7.

**READYMADE** - Beata Batorowicz, Lisa Reihana and Greg Leong go through the use of objects to create a range of characters who move through time and space weaving together myth, history and present a playful celebration of the imagination. Showing @ IMA, 420 Brunswick St, Fortitude Valley until Oct 11. Ph: (07) 3252 5750.

**SEEING THE CENTRE**- Floor talk of the exhibition on Cot 15 from 12pm @ Qld Art Gallery. Ph: (07) 3840 7338.

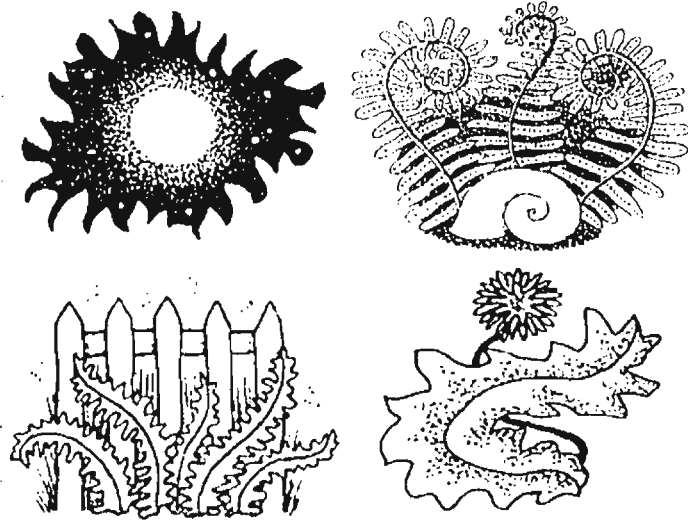
**STORYPLACE** - Featuring the Indigenous art of Cape York and the rainforest region, this exhibition is the first major survey of historical and contemporary art works of the Cape York region, featuring more than 300 works. Showing @ Qld Art Gallery until Nov 9. Ph: (07) 3840 7303.

**TRAILER**- Works by James Avery showing @ IMA, 420 Brunswick St, Fortitude Valley from Oct 16- 17. Ph: (07) 3252 5750.

**WEARABLE ART** – Costume, clothing and performance showing @ Tony Gould Gallery, QPAC, South Brisbane until Oct 11. Ph: (07) 136 246.

**SPEED POETS**: Spoken word on overdrive, downstairs at Belushi's (1st Sunday each month) in the Brunswick St. Mall. A feast of spontaneous spoken word, poetry and ranting all to the beats of DJ Crispy... free zines and Brisbane's hottest open mic section... Don't miss it!

## UQ VANGUARD POWWOW WEEDS & FENCES



### AS PART OF THE BRISBANE WRITERS FESTIVAL

**ANDREW GARTON JAZZ BAND  
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION  
A ONE-ACT PLAY IN COLLABORATION WITH  
UNDERGROUND PRODUCTIONS  
ART EXHIBITIONS  
PERFORMANCE POETRY**

**FRIDAY 3RD OCTOBER 9.30PM  
COURTIER MAIL MARQUEE,  
CULTURAL FORECOURT, SOUTH  
BANK (LOUDMOUTHS STARTS 6PM)**





# WHATCHA GONNA DO?

## LIVE SCENE – A guide to the best local and international acts..



SEP 26 **THE ART OF FIGHTING** play @ THE ZOO.

SEP 28 **JOHN MAYER** brings the lurve songs to the BRISBANE ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE.

**YOU AM I** @ THE ZOO, OCT 2-3

**DEAD DAY SUN** rock the roof off the INDIE TEMPLE on Oct 3.

**DJ JAZZY JEFF, 2 DOGS, SEANY-B, MISS BROWN, KRISTIAN HERNANDEZ** line up for Oct 4 @ THE ARENA.

**THE BOAT PEOPLE, DAPPLED DITIES FLY, POLYVINYL** and **LOREN** play THE ZOO, OCT 4.

**KRISTY APPS** plays her soulful melodies @ THE HEELER OCT 4.

**RAMONE A-THON** featuring a huge line up including **GROOVIE GHOULIES, MACH PELICAN, ROSHAMBO** and more play THE INDIE TEMPLE OCT 4.

**MARGARET ROADKNIGHT** performs @ Judith Wright Centre OCT 4.

**JOSH ARNOLD, SEAN SENNETT** and **RYAN TOOHEY** perform @ The Zoo, OCT 9.

**WOMEN IN DOCS, JUNIOR** and **GRAHAM RIX** rock it out well and truly @ THE HEALER OCT 9.

**GUS AND FRANK** play THE ZOO OCT 10.

**TEAM PLASTIQUE, KID KAY FERRIS** and **DISICKO** slam it all down @ THE ZOO OCT 11.

**THE WAIFS, MISSY HIGGINS** and **JEZ** play an eclectic set @ THE TIVOLI OCT 12.

**WEIRD AL YANKOVIC** plays QPAC CONCERT HALL, OCT 14.

**HABIB KOITE, BAMADA** and **ZIMBIRA** perform @ THE BRISBANE POWERHOUSE from OCT 15-16.

**GRANDVILLE** plays THE HEALER OCT 16.

**THE TREMORS** play THE ZOO OCT 17.

**LIVID-** you'd be a huge fool to miss this fantastic concert including **LINKIN PARK, the WHITE STRIPES, LAMB, J5, THE ROOTS** and many more @ RNA SHOWGROUNDS, OCT 18.

**ALEX LLOYD** plays songs off his latest album with support from **LITTLE BIRDY** @ The Arena Oct 24.

**STELLA ONE ELVEN** @ THE HEALER OCT 25.

**CRAIG DAVID** and **JEREMY GREGORY** play @ BEC OCT 28.

**THE RED PAINTINGS** play @ THE ZOO OCT 30.

**BUTTERFINGERS** bring the big time beats to THE ZOO OCT 31.

### UPCOMMING –

**THE PEACHFISH** (CD LAUNCH) @ THE TROUBADOUR NOV 15.

**POWDERFINGER, JOHN BUTLER TRIO** and **THE TRMORS** @ RIVERSTAGE NOV 29.

Rave fest **ADVENTJAH** featuring **LEEROY, TIPPER, BRISK, BEXTA** and more @ THE ARENA NOV 29.

**SEMICOLON, MITYSCOOP** and **AMPHIBIOUS** @ THE ALLEY NOV 30.

**DOWNSYDE** @ THE ZOO DEC 5

Go the distance for Australia's homegrown showcase of talent - **HOMEBAKE @ THE DOMAIN (SYDNEY)** featuring **NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS, THE VINES, SOMETHING FOR KATE, THE SUPERJESUS, THE JOHN BUTLER TRIO** and more on DEC 6.

**METALLICA** @ BEC, JAN 19.

Q U E E R E D I T I O N

UQ  
union

Brisbane's Original Arthouse & Alternative Cinema  
Union Rd, The University of Queensland, St Lucia  
*the quality shows*  
Movie Info: 3321 7690    www.schonell.uq.edu.au



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**THE PIZZA CAFE**  
Admin Office: 3377 2229    Pizza Caffe: 3377 2239

**Coming Soon:**

**Russian Ark**  
<http://us.imdb.com/Title/70318034>  
**Travelling Birds**  
<http://us.imdb.com/Title/70301727>

**Balzac & the Seamstress**  
<http://us.imdb.com/Title/70291032>  
**Secretary**  
<http://us.imdb.com/Title/70274812>  
**Amandal! A revolution...**  
<http://us.imdb.com/Title/70303297>

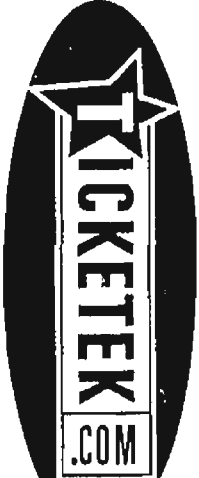
**50 MINUTES  
FROM HOME**  
"An Australian Film Festival"



**IMAGE from '13th HOUSE'**  
A showcase of 9 outstanding  
dramas from the country's  
most creative & exciting  
new upcoming filmmakers...  
**SCREENING 2-8 OCTOBER**  
**WWW.AFC.GOV.AU**

**THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO**  
plus **THUNDERBIRD**

**Flying in from...**  
**12-15 October**  
**New 35mm Prints**



**NOW ONSALE:**  
**Livia; Dixie Chicks**  
**Leann Rimes;**  
**World Cup Rugby;**  
**Brisbane Broncos;**  
*plus many more...*

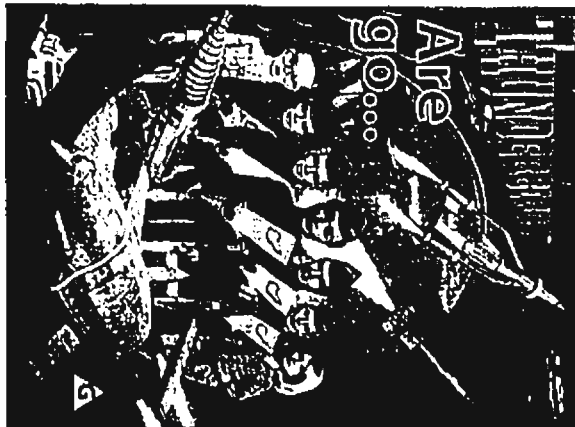
**SEMESTER TRADING HOURS: 12.30-1PM MONDAY  
5PM-9PM MONDAY-SATURDAY; 3PM-7PM SUNDAY**



**THE SCHONELL TURNS 33 ON 24TH SEPTEMBER**

**THU & FRI 25th & 26th SEPT.**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.15 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
**SATURDAY 27th SEPTEMBER**  
1.30 & 7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
2.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
2.30 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.45 THE MIGHTY WIND (MA)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (G)  
6.30 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 A MIGHTY WIND (MA)

**SUNDAY 28th SEPTEMBER**  
**11AM OR 2.00 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)**  
**(TIME TO BE CONFIRMED)**  
1.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
2.15 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
3.30 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
4.15 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
4.45 VIVA LAS VEGAS (G)  
5.15 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
5.30 VIVA LAS VEGAS (G)  
6.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
7.15 ELVIS THAT'S THE WAY IT IS (G)  
**MON - WED 29 SEP - 1 OCT.**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.15 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG)  
5.00 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 SOME LIKE IT HOT (PG) ●  
6.45 VIVA LAS VEGAS (G) ●  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 ELVIS THAT'S THE WAY IT IS (G) ●  
**MON & WED 8.45 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)**



**THU & FRI 2nd & 3rd OCTOBER**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.30 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
**OPENING NIGHT**  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.45 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
**SATURDAY 4th OCTOBER**  
1.30 & 7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
2.00 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
2.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.15 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (G)  
6.30 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL & Q&A  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
9.00 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL

**SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER**  
1.00 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
1.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
2.15 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
2.45 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
3.40 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.00 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
6.15 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
6.30 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
7.15 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
7.30 WESTWORLD (PG)  
**MON 6th OCTOBER**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
5.00 WESTWORLD (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
6.45 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 WESTWORLD (PG)  
8.45 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL

**TUE & WED 7th & 8th OCTOBER**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.30 A MIGHTY WIND (PG)  
5.00 WESTWORLD (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL  
6.45 A MIGHTY WIND (PG) ●  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 WESTWORLD (PG) ●  
8.45 AFC SHORT FILM FESTIVAL ●

**THU & FRI 9th & 10th OCTOBER**  
4.05 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
5.15 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
6.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
7.00 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
8.00 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
8.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
**SATURDAY 11th OCTOBER**  
1.30 & 7.30 THE SOUND OF MUSIC (LIVE)  
1.45 BONHOEFFER (PG)  
2.00 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
3.30 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G)  
4.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
4.30 BONHOEFFER (PG) ●  
6.15 DESPERATE MAN BLUES (G) ●  
6.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
8.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)

**SUNDAY 12th OCTOBER**  
1.00 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
3.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
5.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
5.30 THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO (G)  
7.15 THUNDERBIRD 6 (G)  
7.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
**MON 13th OCTOBER**  
4.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
6.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
6.45 THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO (G)  
8.30 THUNDERBIRD 6 (G)  
8.45 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)

**TUE & WED 14th & 15th OCTOBER**  
4.15 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
5.00 (TUE) THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO (G)  
6.30 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)  
6.45 THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO (G) ●  
8.30 THUNDERBIRD 6 (G) ●  
8.45 SPRINGTIME IN A SMALL TOWN (PG)

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Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

SSEL

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Musical Director: Elspeth Sutherland

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Set & Costume Design: Carmen Gray

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**XXXX**

**Monday 6**

TV Dinner "Friends" & "Malcolm in the Middle": 7pm @ The Red Room

**Tuesday 7**

Pool Competition: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Wednesday 8**

Free BBQ & Band "DaisyCutters": 1pm @ Forum Area  
Pub Quiz: 5:30pm @ The Red Room  
International Lesbian Day

**Thursday 9**

Live DJ - Freestyle with EAS: 4pm-11pm @ The Red Room

**Friday 10**

Live Music "King George Affair": 5pm @ The Red Room

**Saturday 11**

BBQ on the Deck: 12 noon @ The Red Room  
National Coming Out Day

**Sunday 12**

2-4-1 Main Meal: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Monday 13**

TV Dinner "Friends" & "Malcolm in the Middle": 7pm @ The Red Room

**Tuesday 14**

Pool Competition: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Wednesday 15**

Free BBQ & Band "Gaddabouts": 1pm @ Forum Area  
Pub Quiz: 5:30pm @ The Red Room

**Thursday 16**

EAS Spring/Summer Showcase, 4 rooms including @The Red Room. 3pm-late. \$4 EAS & Union members/\$6 all others. Bring your boogie shoes. It'sAlive, Terracefirma, Backalley, Loaferlounge

**Friday 17**

Live Music "Xavier": 6pm @ the Red Room

**Saturday 18**

BBQ on the Deck: 12 noon @ The Red Room

**Sunday 19**

2-4-1 Main Meal: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Monday 20**

TV Dinner @ The Red Room "Friends" & "Malcolm in the Middle": 7pm

**Tuesday 21**

Pool Competition: 5:30pm @ The Red Room

**Wednesday 22**

Free BBQ & Band "Off With Fairies": 1pm @ Forum Area  
Pub Quiz: 6pm @ The Red Room

**Friday 24**

Live Music "Misinterpotato": 5pm @ The Red Room

**Saturday 25 October**

BBQ on the Deck: 12 noon @ The Red Room

**Sunday 26 October**

2-4-1 Main Meal: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Monday 27 October**

TV Dinner "Friends" & "Malcolm in the Middle": 7pm @ The Red Room

**Tuesday 28 October**

Pool Competition: 5pm @ The Red Room

**Wednesday 29 October**

Free BBQ & Band "Future Native": 1pm @ Forum Area  
Pub Quiz: 5:30pm @ The Red Room

**Thursday 30 October**

Live DJ - Freestyle with EAS 4pm-11pm @ The Red Room

**Friday 31 October**

Nik Phillips: 11:30-2:30pm @ The Red Room  
The Front: 4pm-8pm @ The Red Room  
Reclaim the Night  
Halloween

the room  
uq union bar & bistro